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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

A truly monumental
encyclopedia of fashion

On November 18, 1923, McGraw-Hill published *Esquire's Encyclopedia of 20th Century Men's Fashion*, by O. E. Schaeffer and William Gale, an enormous book that tells and shows all that you could possibly want to know—and certainly more than you could reasonably care to find out, at least at one sitting—about any one of the many aspects of modern fashion for men. The book is enhanced by some eight hundred illustrations, and is the most comprehensive guide ever published to the entire panorama of change from the foreverlast head and padded figure of the late Victorians era to the colorfully attired and lithe ideal of today. It has been so long no question about men's clothing unobserved.

That being the age of man-made fibers and such manufacturing mistakes as permanent press and double knitting, it had to be anticipated that at least some of the questions might be technological and this has driven the book's two authors to a host of techniques, to assure brief and simple explanations of more extremely complicated processes. Further to reduce the awkwardness of the sheer volume of information is retrieval that this book inevitably contains, it has been deemed humane to present it in glossaries as well as an encyclopedia style, with the result that you can get a short answer to literally anything, from Abandon socks to most suit and tie-ward.

What saves the volume from the driftnet that might be expected to match its depth and density of content is the fact that its creative approach to the subject represents an extension of the viewpoint of forty years of *Esquire's* fashion coverage. This gives it a coherence and a consistency that it would otherwise lack. And this lets it be, despite its enormous size and numerous scope, very much one man's movement, because for three-fourths of that entire time men's *Esquire's* fashion coverage was in the hands of O. E. Schaeffer.

When we began planning *Esquire's* in the early Thirties, and even before that, in the late Twenties when we were concerned with its predecessor, we constantly had a basic ideal in mind: the man of taste, with a sense of style and a respect for quality. We repeated no fashion the things he wore, and they became fashionable largely because he wore them. Even the occasional

apparent exception—the Basque fashion's shirt, the Scandinavian peasant's smock—became fashionable only after he adopted them.

There have always been such men, through good times and bad, through periods of upheaval and tranquility alike, and they have always stood out like so many weather vane in the swirling winds of fashion. It has been the job of our fashion editors, from the beginning, to find them and "tell" them, like so many delicious, and now and then simply to celebrate the talent and manager of their performance. These men have a broad look, and poor imitators would be to say that on their almost anything looks good, but probably only because if it weren't they wouldn't wear it. Such men are relatively easy for the specialist to spot, though the essence of their elegance is that they would never stand out in a crowd. That's why knowing such a specialist is invaluable. Partly it's a matter of having an eagle eye for crucial styles. That can be trained, but it helps to have the aptitude.

In any case, we had the specialists from the start. There were Captain Marlowe in London and John Starbuck over here, from the very beginning in the Twenties; and even in the early days of *Esquire's* days, right after the decade's turn, there showed up a most unlikely recruit named Henry Jackson, who became the first fashion editor of *Esquire's*, and Kay Kamen, an specialist in boys' fashion (he and Jackson were both killed in the same plane crash); and George and Jacques Meyer. And then, from 1938 for the next thirty years, there was Ray.

O. E. Schaeffer had the eye, and he had the knack of modeling it in others. Over the years he trained virtual squads of young specialists, and many of them have since gone on, at least in part on the impulse of his indoctrination, to jobs of command far afield. He left our fashion forces far stronger than he found them, and the fashion page more of a maelstrom of the magazine than ever. From the day of his retirement as our non-president and fashion director, at the end of March, 1970, he teamed up with William Gale and devoted himself for three years wholly to the development of this volume, *Esquire's Encyclopedia of 20th Century Men's Fashion*. He did nothing if not thorough, and he was (as *Esquire's* on page 14)

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Risks and controls

It seems that David Franks in *Intelligence: The 10 Scariest Cases* (December) was out to prove that safe is also del. Franks's statement that less than half the population of my hometown possess a high-school diploma makes us sound like Daytonville, L.S.A. (I assume Franks's estimate does not include children.)

The fact is that there is a high regard for civilian life here for a number of years (1945-50). There is One College of Syracuse University, a two-year liberal arts institution, Mohawk Valley Community College, a two-year college, and there will soon be an open division college of the State University of New York located here. Moreover, one of the finest museums in the country, Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute designed by Philip Johnson and housing a collection of distinguished eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, is situated here.

Then local students have a fine library of classical records. Furthermore, we have our own symphony orchestra, opera company, and myriad amateur theatrical groups. Columbia

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S.D. Rybicki
Lima, S.Y.

Eryonanthus difformis

Letter: I know you were spiritual about who I think write a letter about Philip Nobile's cancer article which was terrific, but I'm nagging-ness about talking about terminal disease. You know what I mean? Well look, I'm gonna make it up to you I might say.

Gay Tribune Hays Robinson in the December issue is a dramatic article about an unknown person who likes to...

_____ : a delicate legal wrangle
hurdle. And what she has _____. It's
something to do between these in-
constant works. Besides it puts the
rest (and I know the rest is high
on; there in New York). And that's
what it's all about, right?

Next time on and the little kids are in from the perviousness, we'll go to Elmer's and look Phil up and talk about all those innocent types. They won't like a lot of laughs.
Dick Harris
Cambridge, Mass

Product's features

I read *The Mortification of Juan Rivas*, December issue, with some surprise. When Jane Raynold and Kevin Price were my guests as a part of the 1979-80 Conviviality of the San Francisco International Film Festival along with Prince Faisal Al Saud and others in 1979 and again at the United Nations Association, I thought they were, as they were, "Ghosts of 1979." I found them to be as open and unpretentious in conversation, and I was especially impressed with her humanitarian interest in children throughout the world. I was particularly struck by her interest in the UNICEF office in Los Angeles, a lady, and her contributions in helping children are as considerable as to become one of its officers in the San Francisco office.

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Report Page 13

Dutton Rider's raucous piece on Jim Belushi (*Sing It Again, Jim-Sing Melodically Belushi!*, November) presciently illustrates why many celebrities hate to be interviewed, and why the resulting article often impresses the reader as a hack-y, tacky hatchet job.

With the subtlety of an oil slick, Rader has his beady eye on every fobble of everyone remotely involved, from the hairdresser to the house detective. Rader even provides his own props around which the subject can display his memories (the museum he sent—not only a setup, but a military one at that). Finally, he goes to pains to make the subject think, with him, that he's

three good two-vinyl interlocking, alive, positive, warm qualities: lucky, frenetic twisting and (in a generous gesture at the end) utterly depressing pathos. How kind.

William D. Santaro, M.D.,
Dana-Farber, Calif.

In May, 1939, Churchill was realistic enough to put aside his distaste for Communism and promote an Anglo-French-Soviet alliance against Hitler. When, two years later, Germany attacked Russia and Churchill was twisted for his anti-Soviet record, Churchill's reply was that he would have a good word for Lénine's longevity if it pointed in a war against Nazism.

Surely, too, Chomsky's recognition of Russia's legitimate security demands (in Eastern Europe) at the various wartime Big Power Conferences belies Haruch's assertions. As for the Bess Affair, Derush echoed Stahr's suspicions which the record confirmed only.

Later, of course, Churchill did revert to his earlier strong anti-Soviet viewpoint when he suspected Stalin of pursuing expansionist policies.

A. T. Mosney Jr.
St. Louis, Missouri

an United's DC-10 morning flight from San Francisco to Kennedy. Served buffet style in coach, this service is as delightful to the eye as it is to the palate. Great platters of roast, cold sliced beef and turkey, lots with beautifully garnished cream cheese, a variety of excellent cheeses including individually wrapped Camembert, an array of breads, rolls and bagels, fresh fruit, and beer that was cold as a nickel. A glass cocktail to make this the happiest coach-class treat in the air!

Mr. Villas had many nice things to say about United, but he shouldn't have missed this one—and neither should anyone else who would enjoy real food in coach.
P. W. Marriott (no relatives?)
Mountain View, Calif.

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A
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Wildland perspective

I enjoyed Helen Lawrence's *Bernard Baruch Was as Constant as the Northern Star in November*. The historical record, however, is somewhat at variance with Baruch's opinions of Churchill's anti-Soviet "personas," opinions that assuaging Mrs. Lawrence's endomet.

Exercises and assignments

Re James Villas' *The High and the Mighty*, November: Naturally, every seasoned traveler in the country is laughing in with comments about his favorite airline gastrocousine flap in response to James Villas' excellent article. Worthy of special mention, however, is the midday deliriousness

The Bloodhound.

What's red, has Strinoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Thank you, Smirnoff! Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a not like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

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RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

Columbia has devoted an entire month's release to five recordings of widely disparate nature by one artist: Glenn Gould. Chronologically, the recordings are Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner (in transcription by the pianist) and Hindemith. At a time when listening to any group of performances by this great, infuriating, aesthetically perverse—but always great—artist, I find myself dazzled by some performance, moved by some, disgusted by some. But the impulse implied by the mass release is somewhat justified. I cannot think of any other performer whose interpretations of five different styles of music would be equally interesting to hear.

Gould is perhaps the most satisfying of the major musical phenomena of our time, because the giving of satisfaction is not on his mind at all. He seems to look upon the performance of music as an opportunity to impose his ego on the printed notes and on the knowledgeable listener.

Over and over again, one seems to hear him saying, "or however!," "You didn't know this was here, did you?" Well, it is. It is. IT IS! And, candidly, damnit, it is, though sometimes one doubts that the composer would recognize it any more than we or I. Listening to a Gould performance is always educational. That leaves something else to add: at these moments when his idiosyncratic voice is convincing, the domination of his intellectual process with his immense pianistic skills provides a listening delight unlike any other.

In the new group of five I had two and a half winners, one a joy, and two and a half losers, one a disaster.

The joy in Gould's own transcription of these Wagner chestnuts—the *Meistersinger* first act prelude, *Siegfried's Rhine Journey* and *The Valkyrie's First Act*. Though I think one had better face up to the fact that Wagner would be appalled at Gould's abuse of Goethe for his *Mark* great Goethe's purposes. I will say everything is right, from the pomposity of the march of the meistersingers to the splendor of the *Meistersinger* horn solo to the erotic delicacies of the love scene. Last, himself, music is more convincing transcriptions, and the piano playing is just gorgeous, offering a variety of tone and attack the most acclaimed of the concert hall virtuosos could hardly rival.

Equally happy is *Beethoven's* somewhat different piece, a set

of the three *Hindemith Piano Sonatas*. The Third has long been a Gould specialty. I remember being transfixed by his first concert in New York, now he has found and communicated a pastoral loveliness in the Second. Incidentally, the current fashion for bad-mouthed Hindemith seems to me to derive from the fact that he was not a lovable teacher rather than from the music itself, much of which is plenty exposure in addition to being well made. Like his Hindemith's elegant *concertos*. For *Three Piano Sonatas* and then to the *War Requiem* of Benjamin Britten, who notoriously wears his heart on his sleeve; and then to his Hindemith in *academy*. Anyway, Gould's extraordinary performance should go a long way to promoting a much-needed Hindemith revival.

The disaster is the three Beethoven sonatas. Gould is so brilliant disastrously—that is no other word for it. The corner movements whip along at implausible tempo, the second subjects of the sonatas given a main-ball time, as though they were early bars by Mahler, and the slow movements are flung over with what seems to me as thrilling mock-postmodernism. Not as I planned with Gould's interpretations of the Bach *French Suite*, which I feel packed with intended friends, hesitations and other idiosyncratic considerations. This is said with a heavy heart, because Gould has unique command for keeping the form of polyphony separate and coherent, and this talent has always in the past overcome my discomfort of his impetuosity in playing Bach. Not here.

The mixed verdict is for the Mozart duo, the fourth is a projected complete set of the sonatas. I did regret the *Concerto* in *Volume 1* seemed less persons than the others, and I still cannot understand why Gould insists on loading such heretics of virtuosity on what are after all, mostly pieces Mozart wrote for his students. The thousand-variables that opens the *Sonata K 301* is an almost perfect case in point: there is simply no reason to dally over this little show stop. Yet it must be admitted that by the time the movement is over Gould, though never proving his point, has proved that he has a point, and the famous *Rondo alla Turca* that ends the *sonata* is a masterpiece in Gould's measured tread

Several other recent Mozart recordings, all from Philips, command themselves. The most important of them is a fine performance of the *Adagio* by *Severini* for thirteen winds (actually, twelve winds and a bell holder), K 361. This is a real if somewhat *Severini*, an outdoor piece with almost elements for all the instruments, but it is no other thing more. It has a few letters in it by a remarkably architected first movement that could have been used for a little symphony, and a concluding section that is one of the best pieces of youthful mischief from Mozart's pen. The new disc, by Edo de Waart and the Netherlands Wind Ensemble, is the best of half a dozen recordings the work has had, the other a critical error that had dulled the group's performance of earlier, lighter weight movements like here in binding together the areas quite different movements. In what I believe, the longest instrumental piece Mozart ever wrote. Not to be missed.

Four of Mozart's juvenile Symphonies (K. 76, K. 91, K. 121 and K. 128) are played by the Italian string group *I Musici*, supplemented by helpful pairs of oboes and horns. *Baroque* once pointed out that these pieces are the first Mozart ever wrote to be based on Italian but *Art* as *German*. I must be always seemed to me too euphonious and insufficiently moving in rhythm for the baroque music the string instruments play, but these are good pieces, and a very graceful sound seems to be correct for these. The Philips recording is as smooth as the string playing, too.

More important as music is a recording of the two great C-Major *Concertos*, the well-known K. 467 ("Elvis Madison") and the even greater K. 593, with its Beethoven-made first movement. The performance by Stephen Bishop and the London Symphony under Colin Davis is all one could ask, please, may we have more Mozart from this collaboration?

Rossini's *Gli uccelli* Tull, the only opera he wrote from scratch for Paris and the last he wrote before settling down to his middle years of distinguished retirement, has long stood beside *Belshazzar's Feast* as the masterpiece of great works that never got performed. This year we have *Frasca* conveys in New York, and



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now we have Giuliano Teli, full-month (all four hours), French-language on records. The principals in the cast: Montserrat Caballé, Nicola Gedda and Gabriel Bacquier, are all first-rate. Lamberini Gardella means his stick to good people over the Benet Philharmonic and the Ambrosiano Chorus. Azzi has contributed first packaging and recording. But I don't think we're going to see the next stage soon.

The problem is the time and place of the composition of the piece. Weber is all over it, but only slightly digested. Sooner, I think, now what Weber was about, admired it, tried to do it in his own way, and failed miserably, at present. The wrong point in his own development, he was stuck with the soft-focus Romanticism of the French Restoration, in which everything is exquisite. Yet the second act of Teli, which Rossini thought would be his monument (with *Barbier* and the last act of his *Otello*), develops considerable power and character—and there are some things another through the score. Tomassini used to play the ballet music whenever he had need to be charming.

Gedda gives a stronger lesson as the romantic lead, and though Caballé has been admired by some of my colleagues for her work here I had her *Soubrette* for very beautiful and her contributions to the anisette-suffused contemporary. Rossini is fine in the title role, but all the difficulties of the work concentrate at that spot. For forgotten whether this was or was not a real William Tell in history, but there were such a real William Tell in the Romantic opera.

Still, it's an important piece, no book will ever record it better, and may be if I didn't have such a minor role I'd be more enthusiastic. The thought I can't escape is that this work drove Rossini to retirement—and that as result he probably knew exactly what he was doing. If you care about opera, you'll certainly want to hear all of Giuliano Teli once, therefore, I'll use you'll be picking out selections.

I will end on a lighter note. Teli-fest has released two more albums in the continuing series of Bach cantatas by Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the Collegium Musicum. One is Volume 3 of the complete set, including Nos. 24 through 33; the other is the complete *Christmas Oratorio*. Both come elegantly packaged with full scores enclosed, and the price, joining excitement of the performance is, as always, beyond price. ☐



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

There are many, many ways to attain true happiness, and if we're hurt to discuss some of them for a moment here because they are relevant to this issue of *Esquire* and because, after all, February is a better month almost everywhere, let's get our minds off it. The really basic ways of attaining true happiness are two, of which the first is oftenness. The first, represented in our editorial tradition by Shirley Maerz, Henry Ford and, in this issue, by Kenneth Lamott (*Proposed: That Every American Should Get One Year Off in Every Seven*), is to think of what ought to be and then to work so to adjust the world to your will. The second, represented by Pope, Emerson, Pound and *The Best of America*, page 96, is to find out how things really are and what adjust you will until you want exactly those things. Since this issue of *Esquire* is so largely dedicated to both approaches, it's bound to produce true happiness and, besides, even if it doesn't, there's always Maerz. Mr. Lamott, our representative of the Shirley-Maerz-Ford tradition, appears this month for the first time in *Esquire*; he says a few words about his own background and current concerns in the article beginning on page 85, but we'd like to add that he is the author of several books, most recently of *The Money-masters and Anti-Corruption*, his *Chronicle of San Francisco* (1981) was excerpted in *The New York Times Magazine*, to which he is a frequent contributor.

As for *The Best of America*, *Esquire's* edition of the Pope-Emerson-Ford argument, it wouldn't sell very well, but we'd like to continue the exhortation so far as to make it clear that the surface stunts on the cover of this issue is not the beautiful James model you may have taken her for; she is Sandra Force, a real live beautiful airline stewardess for Southwest Airlines of Dallas, and thus we demonstrate that whatever is right. Further proof starts on page 94.

Several visitors besides Kenneth Lamott appear for the first time in *Esquire* this month; in fact, we may run out of space before introducing them all, but how does Henry Hamrah (Quaberry, page 85) is a native of Mississippi, a graduate of the University of Arkansas, and the author of two novels, *Grownups First* (1978), which received a nomination for the National Book Awards, and

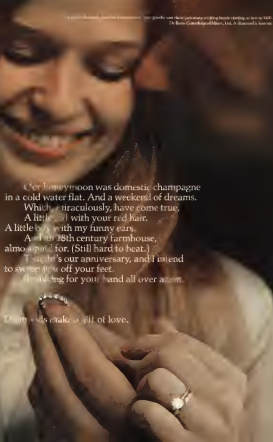
Nightswatches (1978), as well as of shorter fiction which has appeared in *Idaho*, *The Carolina Quarterly* and other journals; he has taught at Clemson University, does so now at Middlebury College, and is at work on his third novel, whose protagonist, we are advised, is a Texas player. Jane I. Tucker (*An Introduction to Selected Aspects of Slave Orthography*, page 116) taught Slave languages and literature for six years at the University of Illinois before dropping out to write fiction and live in Florida; when we asked her why she had done what she did with poor Ransack, she said, "In America, people think Central Europe is this amorphous blob somewhere between Asia and the Atlantic, so when I saw this on television it was the last straw." She also confirmed for us that sagacious readers of *The New York Times* have long known, that Ted Sicle (*Chaka On Our Mind*, page 90) is pronounced Schells not Zick; Mr. Sicle, a veteran of twenty years at *The Times*, during which he served with distinction in Southeast Asia, Latin America, Washington, Eastern and Central Europe, the Iberian Peninsula and other points, left the paper at the end of 1978 and has been writing books and magazine articles at seven-ounce-per-velocity ever since. *Concubine Japs: The Strange Career of E. Howard Hunt* (Viking), his most recent book, will be followed by *How to Run for a long book on the United States*, and an in-depth study of the Nixon fixer's policy is expected late this year. Pete Athelns (*What Are the Paper Boys Doing for Free These Days?*, page 148) is a general editor at *Nesareek*, where he covers mostly sports. Mr. Athelns is the author of *The City Gown*, a book about basketball, and of a couple of scholarly volumes with G. J. Simpson and Bill Talbot.

In addition to the foreword, there are other new writers in this month's *Esquire*, but the remaining space is required for this announcement: a year ago this month, *Esquire* published Ron Rosenblum's *The Mystery of Oak Island*, which reported many things about treasure hunting in Nova Scotia; among them, that Richard ("Rocky") Reisel died in 1946 in a treasure-hunting accident. We have been advised that Richard Reisel is alive and well, the victim of the accident in 1946 was his brother Robert. Interested parties please copy.

Our honeymoon was domestic champagne in a cold water flat. And a weekend of dreams. Which miraculously, have come true. A little girl with your red hair. A little boy with my funny ears. And an 18th century farmhouse, almost paid for. (Still hard to heat.)

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BOOKS

MALCOLM NUGGERIDGE

Nigel Nicolson's *Portrait of a Marriage* (Athlone, \$10) must be one of the weirdest books ever written. The literature of hell, or, at this case, decidedly unholy, matrimony, I personally found it distasteful, but also, I must admit, readable. The atmosphere throughout is staidish and arrogant, and the atmosphere depraved. One more instance, I should say, of the new irreverendous decadence of the English upper classes. All the points where the book is either well-connected, comfortably off, and sufficiently talented to make a good showing socially and as writers. Yet in the last resort there is something pitiable and pearly about the lives and personalities into which their personal tastes lead them. Ultimately, they are absurd, and will surely be seen so—at all—by posterity.

Of the two central characters, Harold Nicolson was the son of a British ambassador who became head of the Foreign Office, being raised to the peerage as Lord Carnock. He, like his father, passed into the diplomatic service, but left it before he had got very far to become a writer, journalist and politician. In the fit at capacity he wrote some excellent literary studies; for instance, of Tennyson and Benjamin Constant. Also a biography of George V, which, curiously, he managed to make interesting. As a journalist, he contributed reviews and occasional articles to the serial publications and worked as a radio commentator in pre-television days. As a politician, he attacked himself briefly to Sir Oswald Mosley before he emerged as a post-war Tory, when he was a member for the National Labor Party—a splinter group that followed Ramsey MacDonald when he formed a National Government, and has been since an without success—and briefly held a minor office from which he was ousted by Churchill. In the 1945 election he lost his seat, and then stood at a subsequent by-election, unsuccessfully, on a straight Labor ticket—a vote for which he had little appetite.

In itself it was a normal enough and, if not particularly distinguished, perfectly creditable career. Though most of his friends were equally disconcerted, when his diaries were posthumously published, to learn how absurdly he had lapsed for a period. It was known, of course, that he was homosexually inclined in temperament and tastes, and gener-

ally assumed that, in voicing and winning Vita Saville-West—a lady who belonged to an aristocratic family of great literary worth, in her case, an admixture of Spanish *ryper* blood due to a misadventure by her grandfather—he was attracted more by nobility than sex, two passions which, admittedly, have notorious afflictions. Their marriage, nonetheless, seemed to jog along quite happily; the more so, perhaps, because Nicolson spent the week in bachelor chambers in London, leaving his wife in Kent, where she established herself as an accomplished and original gardener, and also wrote some highly successful books (*At Footscot Street*, *The Edible Garden*) which might, not unfairly, be described as U-pulp.

Now the younger of their two sons, Nigel, has revealed the tumultuous happenings and intrigues



which underlay the seemingly serene face of their union. The tale truly broke upon him when, after his mother's death, he discovered locked up in a glass case his own account of a violent love affair she had with Violet Trefusis, a daughter of Mrs. Keppel, alleged by King Edward VII, whose mistress Mrs. Keppel had been. On the strength of a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Trefusis, the allegations would seem to me to be quite plausible. In addition, to a disconcerting ancestry, to judge by the extracts from her interesting letters to Vita Saville-West quoted in *Portrait of a Marriage*, her sentiments and literary style both bear marked traces of the great a particularly for the works of Oscar Wilde.

Be that as it may, the glass case-bag papers, published in full and unadulterated about a third of *Portrait of a Marriage*, provide a cushioned stab at a top-drawer lesbian passion. The

rest of the book, by Nigel Nicolson himself, fills in the narrative, and ties up the loose ends. He has done a first-rate editing job, and displays throughout a commendable, if, in view of his personal involvement, somewhat uneasy, objectivity. Whether he was justified in deciding to publish at all may be questioned, but I am sure the decision was hardly taken. The case against publication would seem to me to be based rather on considerations for his father's than his mother's reputation. Poor Nicolson appears as the fuddled and effeminate kind of more conspicuous, even more so than Trefusis, the other refracted corner. The fact that the intruder was a woman, and Mrs. Trefusis at that, only adds to the ludicrousness of his situation.

If anyone has any further curiosity about the Nicolson ménage, there is Virginia Woolf's *Crystals*, which now appears as a roman à clef, and the authors' tribute to her own affair with Vita Saville-West. This went on for quite a while—indeed, in a sort of way, up to Virginia Woolf's suicide—but, we are told, only involved going to bed twice, and then unsatisfactorily. Nicolson was more concerned lest Virginia Woolf's always precarious sanity should be wounded than by her own scandalous page of his own. It all makes one positively impatient to hear the sound of the tumbler, which surely cannot now be long delayed.

A thought that leads naturally into Philip Nohle's intellectual *Shakespeare* (Charterhouse, \$10), a well-documented and highly entertaining study of *The New Review* of Books, a monthly publication which has managed to go on existing for a whole decade. As I was by way of being a *founder-contributor*, but fairly soon parted brain-rags—actually, as an author, rather than ideological differences of opinion, turning on whether it was permissible to say that being a *reluctant Jew* and homosexual played a part in shaping Max Beer's intellectual and religious—I naturally found the book interesting.

The Review, in any case, rates the sort of close look Nohle has given it. The need for a publication of the kind was clear—the *Punch Literary Supplement* is dead, long live *The New York Review of Books*—and Rick Rivers, in meeting it, has proved to be an able editor, more especially so, in the course of carrying out his duties, he has had to be credited

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Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. *Road & Track* called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, *Car and Driver* readers selected the 260-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a *Road & Track* owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

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Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better oilburet cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from \$9,000 to \$25,000.

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The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

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The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

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The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning.

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forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.

What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.

Datsun Saves

DATSON 260 Z SPECIFICATIONS: Engine: 6-cylinder in-line SOHC, water-cooled, 1600 cc, 2.6 liter, 2.11 in. Displacement 1290cc/156.6 cu. in. Compression ratio 8.8:1 Carburetor 2-barrel. Transmission: All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. Wheelbase: 103 in. Length: 167 in. Width: 64.1 in. Height: 50.6 in. Wheelbase: 90.1 in. Tread (front): 53.3 in. (rear) 53.0 in.

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. Weight: 4-speed 2550 lbs. Automatic 2590 lbs. Seating capacity: 2 persons. Min. turning diameter: 31.4 ft. Suspension and Aids: Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and dampers; rear: Rear: fully independent coil type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. Steering: Rack & pinion 18:0:1 ratio, 2.11 turns lock-to-lock. Brakes: Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in. Rear: 9 in. drum brake. Oiling and lolling sheet.

HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN ARTHUR

Las Vegas may be defined as a nation community devoted to excess on every conceivable level, and with the addition of six hundred and twenty-eight guest rooms, Hilton Las Vegas will be the largest resort hotel in the world. Even now, with distant packhorses trailing toward that transcendent city, the hotel is an imposing self-contained city, a *Resort* in its own right, and a competitor, the MGM Grand's Gamewatch. Where better than the Hilton to establish a brief look at the various aspects of Vegas, especially since the (transient) nature of entertainment in the Hilton Hotel in America is an old friend, Harvey Dekin.

Until four or five years ago, perhaps when Howard Hughes began buying in Las Vegas hotels, mostly mid-controlled, offered the best buy in the world for vacationers who could stay away from the taxing tables. Now, however, as more legitimate management has taken over, prices have risen to where Las Vegas is not a bargain. Yes, the high rollers still come, brought in as free agents, wired and fired as the out, but the overwhelming bulk of today's visitors is increasingly Middle America as a group, paying prices for rooms and meals no less than at any other resort. And they do come: package tours and conventions, charter flights from all over the Mid- and Southwest. Packed buses leave Los Angeles on a Saturday morning at six a.m., with resident guitar and accordion players, arrive in Vegas at eleven, depart at two a.m. on Sunday. No need for a hotel room. Little possibility of getting too, anyway, on most weekends Vegas hotels and motels are about one hundred five percent overbooked.

With only slight fear of contradiction, it can be said that show business in America has been reduced to television, pop records and Las Vegas. The live industry shattered, theatre dead, nightclub, except for Las Vegas, practically nonexistent. For live entertainment, seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, Vegas is the only Apple in the desert town. So the building continues, MGM's one hundred and six million dollar Grand Hotel being the latest addition. As the competition for customers becomes the question of attraction means more and more critical.

Harvey Dekin called late last fall

and, in a hoarse whisper, said, "I'm sitting here looking at Johnny Cash's contract. This is a new kind of show business. Tell me how much he makes here." A calculated guess: fifty thousand dollars a week. The whisper gets louder: "Wrong. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a week. And five million of yours. And two chauffeurs drive. Mark it." "And that's not even the top," Harvey continued. "Elvis gets a hundred and fifty, plus God knows how much for Colonel Parker (Parker's longtime manager) to protect the engagement. Stromboli also gets the top, and they both get a private tennis court." A new kind of show business, indeed—numbers that are out of sight. A closer look is obviously needed here. Not only will there be made up for a couple of columns, but with just a little look, the



might turn a few cards, study some faces down handed out bones, weed will go out. Stand by! The last of the great low rollers is back in town.

When, after just forty hours in Las Vegas, you've dropped your entire bankroll, thousands of dollars, there is little to do in the daytime but lounge at the Hilton pool and stare at the other lounge. The fall can still be a bummer. The pool is here, in the exact shape of the hotel's guest tower, a sort of triangle with collapsing sides. Cocktail waitresses, some from Detroit, meet with husbands who are despondent at other hotels, shake the between the lounge and the various food-and-drink facilities that rim the pool. Several lounges down from where the Laser has next to be found. The Entertainment Director in what appears to be a steel chair wearing a striped cuff and a big, floppy hat. A child with platinum hair

and orange lipstick who, when she gets up, is clearly not a child but one of the hottest lady nudists in the whole world. Completely self-contained, ignoring impulsive stares, she moves to the edge of the pool, lifts the cuff to reveal perfectly formed if tiny legs, sits to dangle her feet in the water, and at the same time lights a cigarette. As a voice over the P.A. plays Harvey Dekin to a smug silence, the Laser's eyes are diverted from the little person, and he is suddenly aware of the constant background of various sounds. In addition to the phone paging, which never stops, there is the overlapping Moosh, the thud of tennis balls on adjoining courts, the cries of children playing in the pool. "All that noise," Harvey Dekin says, returning from his cell.

"Including the noise in the halls and elevators—that becomes your silence in Las Vegas." He sits. "That one was from Arkler Park." Park is a prominent agent who represents such dancers as Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, Julie Andrews. "Dean is signed to the Grand, Shirley doesn't have an act, so I asked him about Julie," Harvey says. "He said they've been negotiating nearly two years with Casanova Palace, which may even build her a house here. He offered me a Russian variety show, and I asked if they did it with activities." Once again he is pulled to the phone, and the Laser notes that the incessant paging and not hearing one's own name can make a person a little paranoid. And even knowing, while visiting the Flamingo the night before, that one of the lounge acts is Paul Rogers and The Riders, it is still disconcerting to hear a disembodied voice calling, "Paying Mr. Paul Rogers. Mr. Paul Rogers, please."

Back from the latest call. "That was a lady named Leona," Harvey says. "She and her husband have an act, songs and comedy, and they're maintaining all seven on Wednesday at the Mousetrap Union. She says they've been in Asia four years and no one knows their home. Fl go if I can. Who knows?" Does he get such calls day and night? "The other morning I was awakened at twenty-thirty by Evel Knievel. He said, 'Mr. Orkin, I have an act.' Another night I got a two a.m. call from Wilson Pickett. He was playing the lounge and would go on at the late show because he said they were taking money from his check I had to get dressed and go down and prove they

Actual scene from a Shirley MacLaine movie.



Three hours later, all the batteries were dead but the DieHard.

It was January 9, 1972. The temperature was well below freezing. We parked five new cars in a clearing in Colorado. And left their headlights on.

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were't. Tapped-out owners want their machines played at four in the morning. He sticks his lit cigarette past the lady magnet who has gotten up to put out her cigarette. Most of the poolrooms are mid-levelled women whose husbands are at either construction or in the trades. "When Elvira was here," Harvey says, "this place was filled with two thousand hysterical thirty-year-old prostitutes." He points toward the roof of the road tower where almost the entire top floor is the Imperial Suite. "There he was, Elvin, with a parade of women, in and out, sixteen hours a day. It was surreal. All I could do was watch the hot sitting on their backs in his spangly, marmalade, 'Good marmalade.' And they never stopped."

From another lounge comes a loud moan of protest. This moan is a thirty-seven-year-old construction named Sal, a building contractor from New Jersey. He is dressed in tennis whites and exudes his racket, but, looking a hapless and mistreated a sixteen-thousand-dollar loss in four days, he has lost the strength to get on the courts. "Don't remind me of when Elvira was here," Sal says. "I dropped twenty-one thousand on that project." The lady magnet has left her lounge and now presses by on her way to the ice cream bar. She glances lovingly at Sal, who gives her a long look, then turns away. "Oh, God, what I was just going to say," he says when she's passed. "Back home I would never have such thoughts about little nightstand ladies, but here in Vegas..." A man in jeans, he closes his eyes.

"Repeaters," Harvey says. "They all want the Imperial Suite. They can make a hundred thousand dollars a week, but if they don't get the Imperial Suite they think they've been snubbed. It's the most important thing. Like the only way to look up your room in places other than Vegas, say the Waldorf for fifteen or twenty thousand a week, is to be in it with a hundred thousand dollars in the Imperial Suite. You find yourself treating them like insoluble children, giving more and more because they demand more and more. Like Ann-Margret. Ninety thousand a week, and the Jay Gollister here spending a get a note complaining that the last time she played here there were five peanuts in her dressing room. When were they gone? When I ignored the note, the next day I got out from her lawyer in Beverly Hills, her lawyer for crissake, asking where are the free nuts? Now did it end? Well, the lawyer admitted, yes, at ninety grand a week she should be able to afford to buy them, and I sent the nuts over."

The lady magnet returns to her lounge, as do seven more looting items in her four hours, and, while Harvey takes another call, Sal plans how he will recover from both his hangover and his losses. First a long nap and then one more shot of alcohol, just one more, before his jacket gets out in the morning. Harvey is back from the phone. "That was Donna Fargo's husband, who's also, by some coincidence, her manager." Donna Fargo is a country singer cooped on an incoming bill with Glen Campbell. "He's friend the only billboard in Las Vegas that doesn't have her name on it. Well, he'll be seen where her name is listed, and he has only twenty-five percent of Campbell's billing," Harvey explains (that the previous booker had negotiated individual contracts with Campbell and Fargo, leaving very little head-person billing, an obvious impossibility. How will it be worked out? "She'll be offered more money for less billing," Harvey says. "Otherwise Glen won't pay.")

Any other starliner idiosyncrasy? "Well, there's Tony Bennett," Harvey says. "I love him, and he's the best. No trouble except, even at seventy-five thousand a week, he refuses to open or close on a Monday night, which creates all kinds of scheduling problems. Also, he won't work on Jewish holidays, says he doesn't want to insult his Jewish friends." It seems the best of them is Cissy Ray, too, gets seventy-five, but he comes out as he himself, sits on a chair, and talks about when he was a kid.

Enter Harari J. Lewis, senior vice-president of Hilton Hotels. A tall, imposing-looking man in his fifties, Lewis dresses impeccably and expensively, has an extensive collection of golf jewelry. For possible leisure, a tailored jump suit, and around his neck is a chain given him by Rita Pinkley that bears the letters "TCL" (Take Care of Business). Headquartered in San Francisco, Lewis has been overseeing construction and planning of the new wing, and this weekend has entertained a party of Japanese who will open an expanded Bessika in Tokyo, to move from their present location in the hotel. A former refugee from Germany, Lewis came to the United States through the War Relocation Authority. Still, still speaks with a precise accent. A devoted husband, he is supposed to be slightly uncomfortable with casino operations, is often heard to point out that as much revenue is made in the Vegas Hilton on food, drinks and rooms as in the gaming.

Now he sits on the feet of Harvey's lounge. "You're going to do a

lot of business tonight," Lewis says. "Over at the Sahara, Benny Bached Owe, and they deserve are needed for a couple of days."

"Some of those people do behave strangely," Harvey says.

Lewis nods. "There was what's her name... She went late on jewelry shop, picked out three mugs, and she went she'd accept one. I sent back word I was in the Room. Pay these people a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a week, and they expect you to say 'Thank you.' Superstitious—the word comes out like a curse. On the other hand there are the ones you could pay any amount, and they'd stand up with no money. They leave it at the tables, the schmucks."

As if raped, Sal opens his eyes. "Lewis, Harari," he says. "Last night in the Imperial Room we waited twenty-five minutes for our train course." Lewis looks at him implacably. "So?" "Do that's a long time," Sal says. Now Lewis's expression is one of undisguised contempt. "Sal, I can't figure people like you at all. You come out here on jakes, everything's compact, and every morning I see on the computer what each one of you has eaten and drunk, how much paper you've signed for the tables. Now, you're lost some on this trip, right?" Sal nods incredulously. "Okay," Lewis goes on, "so you sat for me a day, drink only champagne, and you think that's the way to get even. If you ate and drank like that for a couple of weeks at home you'd die. Right?" Without waiting for an answer, he looks off his targets. "So far you're not much in demand. The Hawaiian Inn, the Steak House and Leonardo's Over-all, have you ever eaten better food?"

"No, but..." Sal starts to say "but, nothing," Lewis interrupts. "Last night the Imperial Room, gourmet food, one of the great restaurants in America. Everything cooked to order. Of course you won't get twenty-five hundred in the great restaurants do you expect the blue-chip special?"

Sal, who leaves a lot of money in this hotel, is surprised but not intimidated. "It wasn't just the way, Harari," he says. "It was how we were made to wait." He seems to have conveyed a message, because Lewis shrugs. "I'll see about that," he says, and you know he will.

The lady magnet is slowly collecting her belongings, preparing to leave. "Here's the main problem looking that place," Harvey says. "You're always roughly a year ahead of the latest new playing. Vegas is not a country-western recording star I've never heard of, so when

"I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it." Richard Pearce, M.D.



Richard C. Pearce, physician from Allentown, Pennsylvania, diagnoses some of his feelings about Cadillac ownership.

"We do quite a bit of traveling, so I was interested in Cadillac mainly for comfort. The prestige never really entered into it. It was a matter of what I liked and what I needed. Styling is important. But comfort on the road is the most important thing."

"For instance, we do a lot of skiing up at Stowe, Vermont... that's about six and a half to seven hours of driving. And with four people along, Cadillac sure makes a difference."

"My present car—an Eldorado Coupe—is the third Cadillac I've had. I especially like the front-wheel drive and the traction it provides on snow."

"Service has been very good. If I had any gripe, I'd say so. But so far, the only servicing I've had on my Eldorado has been wheel balancing and inspections and things like that."

Asked what advice he'd give to a friend considering a Cadillac, the doctor replied, "I'd tell him he should ride in one first. As a matter of fact, this has happened. I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it."

"I think if you can afford it, Cadillac is a car for any age."



Cadillac Motor Car Division

TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Americans have delighted in looking at their country over the shoulders of visitors from abroad ever since de Tocqueville wrote *Democracy in America* back in 1835, so we thought you might like to hear about a recent coast-to-coast visit of eight foreign journalists. Some were on the United States Travel Service, part of the Department of Commerce, asked out to give the group an "on-the-road" tour of the United States. Staggered "For Night People Only," the press tour was planned primarily for entertainment editors and designed to show overseas America's after-dark venues for the serious reader. The journalists would write about our great afternoons, and how cheap everything was for the traveler exchanging his own currency for dollars, and how friendly every body was, and—no the recurring vent—these articles would notice great drives of tourists whose expenditures over here would partially compensate for what America's tourists spend abroad, thus helping to alleviate our balance-of-payments deficit.

We were chosen, we were told, because of Esquire's international reputation as a sophisticated magazine and our familiarity with the night scene. At a Washington briefing it was explained that a subordinate but nonetheless important objective of the undertaking was to reveal the atmosphere, widely held abroad, of the United States as a dangerous place after dark, and so it would be helpful if the visiting journalists were not trapped in telling us the reverse of their tale.

Our group consisted of a publisher, writer and photographer from Japan, a writer and a photographer from Germany, an English writer and a photographer, and the assistant editor of a newspaper in Mexico City. James Schilling, a State Department escort and German interpreter, was on hand from State to worry about the inevitable details of plane reservations, hotel check-ins, etc., while our own job was to suggest where to go, set up interviews and generally conduct myself as a pious host. Others who worked with the convention and visitors bureau and publicity offices of New York City, New Orleans, Los Angeles and San Francisco in planning programs in their respective cities.

Our first proceeding, to meet and to be so advised when we met our guide for a coffee-and-Banish breakfast briefing at the

Drake Hotel in New York. The Mexican editor, a blond out, spoke absolutely no English. No, not one word. And our vestigial Spanish was worsened by the fact that we had to concentrate on speaking French to one of the Germans who was once at home in that language. So we rushed our Mexican colleague down to the Forty-second Street offices of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, where a clerk translated our briefing into Argentine Spanish. When she had finished, we mentioned how strange we thought it was to find a Mexican newspaperman who didn't know at least a few words of English. "¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿," she said. "He tells me he was chosen for this assignment precisely because of that fact. He's writing a story on how a visitor who speaks no English gets along in the U.S."



In New York, the first quarterly meeting came at dinner at the Derby Steakhouse on MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village, where Horst Vetter, a writer from Bavaria, said he'd never seen a steak the size of the forty-two-ounce flat wagon he was served, that German steaks are never cooked that rare—Germans no word for "rare" in German—and that it was too far for him to cope with. "And for everybody—that's not quite right, make—in Germany we have nothing like that. For Germans, America is very cheap."

The journalists admired the Victorian decor at Rocco's Pizzeria and couldn't believe that the restaurant was only a few years old. They liked the view from the Rainbow Grill and enjoyed the dressy eatery and the floor show at Shepherd's, but the entertainment feature of their New York visit to the Club Cabareño, a Puerto Rican ballroom optimum at

One Hundred Forty-fifth Street and Broadway. Since Tito Puente gave them a taste of Latin American music they had never heard before, and the only thing approaching an unforgotten incident came when a Hispanic lady mildly suggested to one of our visitors that he keep his hands above his hips while dancing the merengue.

It was here, too, that the Mexican editor spoke more or less minutes than he did in all the rest of our week-long journey. The club was having a radio pickup from a Spanish-language station when we arrived and the Mexican editor was called up to the radio. He introduced on air, told the audience about our trip, thanked Señor Roberts, our host, and shared the spotlight with Tito Puente.

Robert Lightfoot, one of the English writers, said that while counterparts of Shakespeare's could be found in London, Paris and Rome, he had never seen—or heard—anything like the Club Cabareño. "The music is wild but the people are wild."

"And this right in the heart of so-called unsafe Spanish Harlem," we said, getting in the conversational. "Do you see anything dangerous here?"

We failed to point out the number of cruising police cars. In New Orleans' French Quarter a couple of nights later we weren't with no lady German out of Preservation Hall, we saw a division while my girl a knife on a black man who beat her one. She lead with the lid of a garbage can until a policeman could twist the knife out of her hand.

"Oh, yes, just a gun," we said, sheepishly on charges away from the scene. "Like these pretty people they used to stage in Manhattan. Those guys were probably sent over by Crystal Castles." Anyway, the journalists were too deeply stupefied in the mean to pay much attention to what was going on. Catherine Pitts Fountain was out of town but at the Blue Angel we heard George Fiasco, a great young comic player, whose true persona some people of Dix Biederbrücke's we interest to the first soapbox of Rose Soto at the Showman Motor Inn, and Al Burt absolutely blew out our brains. "With Louis Armstrong gone, he's the greatest," said Hirohisa Shima, jazz buff and prophet of a Japanese trend magazine.

New Orleans' food rivaled its jazz in the opinion of the visitors. They had Oysters Rockefeller at Antoine's,

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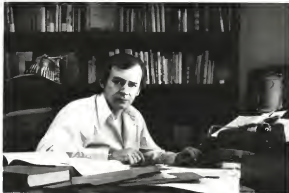
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AGE: 32

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M.A., B.A. Associate Professor of Literature

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naturally, where the dish was created, but they rated the breakfast at Brennan's as the outstanding meal of the week trip. Starting off with a milk punch, they worked their way through the entire menu of oyster soup, Eggs Benedict or Eggs Benedict, Banana Foster or Crepes Fitzgerald and voted to skip lunch.

In Las Vegas, as expected, we had trouble scraping our chairs away from the slot machines in time to turn up for the show. Staying at The Tropicana, we caught *Barney and Sonny* there and at The Sands, Desert Inn, Casanova Palace, Thunderbolt and Hilton. After hearing Glee Campbell, Ray Clark, Jimmy Dean, Dennis Fargo and Diana Trask, some of the visitors remarked that they had had enough of country music for a while, but the *Felix Berger* show at The Tropicana and Harry Belafonte at Casanova Palace

[illegible]

But the night-seeing highlight of the entire week was Sonoma Airline's Grand Canyon trip out of Las Vegas over Lake Mead, the Hoover Dam and a twelfth-century Indian village, and through the Canyon itself, with lunch on the South Rim and then the drive back to town.

The San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau calls its client "Everybody's" (Continued on page 52)

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Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



When divided by a factor of ten? At the Minolta Show (see page 10) you can see the SR-T 101 and SR-T 102. The camera and its controls are so simple that you can be up and running in less than 10 minutes. The camera and its controls are so simple that you can be up and running in less than 10 minutes. The camera and its controls are so simple that you can be up and running in less than 10 minutes.

raise money through a supposed "benefit" concert is carefully reasoned "Punk," he says, "OTB does make money. In the first year that ended last June, we raised four-two million dollars for the City and State of New York. Second, people will gamble. Our studies indicate that ninety-eight percent of our customers have had previous experience with bars, taverns, bookmakers, members or spots [football and baseball betting]."

From Rarnack's further and you find a politician behaving as some Republicans would like Mr. Nixon to behave. He admits a touch of pothole "I won't predict," he says, "that OTB is a panacea. Nor will I ignore the fact that it produces some negative social effects." These include injuries using OTB often as a clubhouse, as informants used the old gambling pool halls, and random broken working their racket by offering credit to bettors who have run out of cash.

"Personally," Rarnack says, "I wish that government were not involved with gambling. But the fact is that the people are involved. It's opposed to slot machines and casinos. The government should only regulate gambling, which is monopolized by organized crime, namely sports, horse and numbers betting."

On a pragmatic or Watergate level, the racetracks of New York oppose OTB. All money bet through OTB is funneled to the tracks. Horsemen lose no gambling profits as such. What they do lose is attendance. One lays groceries at a racetrack, eats and drinks. Overall racetrack results have been tipped by OTB, but in some horsemen might do best to bite the bit, for the good that OTB works is considerable. The horse bookmakers business in New York has gone as near as the market for stolen Chrysler. To protect themselves against catastrophic loss, horse bookies always worked with a syndicate. The syndicate was called Mafiosi. At the very least, OTB has lowered the life-style of our mob fathers.

I walked through OTB headquarters on several blustery days, getting the feel of the place, watching gray ladies punch computer keyboards and observing the careful mix of blacks and whites that produces a government-suffic. There is a hint of executive efficient, not pink but civil-service lean. Below, behind locked doors, the computer ladies work. As you give your name and number, green screens glow into life. My

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The 1974 Porsche 2.0.

Already, it's a very good year.



guide was Irving Radd, a vigorous, beary man of 55, who, via occasionally published small boxing bouts until TV befell small boxing, promoted special events for the Brooklyn Dodgers and he reared of some little success. Invited for a Miami Beach hotel, traveled the world with a harness-racing executive in search of golden ponies; and finally bowed out from Howard Stern.

Ask Irving Radd a question and an anecdote is born. "Are your betting clerks honest?" I began.

"We had one clerk in the office on West 42nd Street," Radd said, "who was a devout gambler himself. We check everyone in for perked three times. But these things happen. One day the man goes to work at two p.m. in no more minutes punches out tickets as every horse running in the last five races at Belmont. That costs eight thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars. But some betting info comes in and when the clerk catches the winning tickets at another office he picks up about twelve thousand dollars."

Radd's face lit as he approached the critical paragraph in the trouble in the sentence, turning his job before the clerk in glee. He checks the cash drive. Where's the missing eight thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars? The clerk checks three thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars, but we're not a loan company. The prudent charges him with grand larceny, petty larceny and possession of stolen property. He tells the cops he's back to work eight thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars, except for one detail: He's blown that and his whistlers, at the track." Radd shook his head. "Isn't every casino as O.T. as a candy store?"

Rod Gross is more truly a gambling man than Radd or Howard Stern. He has owned Resorts. Personally, he visits Vegas. He says that casinos be better, per se, but he's not keen to sleep.

"Why, Rod?" I said, as we sat sipping in Doney's Steak House.

"Do you think you know why you're here?"

"To win," Gross said.

"But can you win at O.T.B., or any thing else?"

"In stretches," Gross's face grew pensive. You have to win at the time, but if somebody ever figured a system, they wouldn't tell you, because you'd tell somebody else. After a while, nobody would be too keen."

Rod Gross considered his remarks. "I don't believe most gamblers try to destroy themselves. They have this dream and they take their money and they've got the guts and they make a

bet. The trick, if there is a trick, is to recognize that luck is a temporary factor. At O.T.B. the odds and the city and the race tracks take out seventeen percent from the top, so right away every dollar bet is really eight-thirds cents. You need luck to beat those odds. Over the long run, those odds are going to beat you. But modest. Use the cheat for entertainment. When you're winning, for God's sake don't grow. Winning can make for a helluva good time. Have the good times, remember the odds and walk away."

Life and good counsel. Gross's advice generally will be ignored. However, there is hard evidence that Gross's sense of fortune is accompanied by New York's community of telephone bettors. Of all the odds men chosen, one beats the others by a wide margin. Mostly it was selected before the recent Midwest war. It is more too. *

BOOKS

(Continued from page 36) dandy, who, right up until his recent death, supported Schindler's even though it cost him his job as editor of *Variety* and not to say he was a New York man and not to say he was a New York man.

In *Sexual Sinners* (Quadrangle, \$7.95) George F. Gilder argues cogently that even in the society of sin, and, ultimately, of prostitution, and that by eliminating differences between the sexes—as, for instance, through a universal law of women's lib—the very basis of our sexual and social order is undermined. His conclusion is that in the West we are committing sexual suicide, or, as I prefer to put it, engaging in self-persecution. Moreover, thanks to co-simulation and what is called sex education in the schools, the process of sexual dissolution begins at an ever earlier age. Gilder is, of course, absolutely right, but I doubt very much whether his arguments will convince anyone or change anything, even though they are couched in the rarest sort of apocalyptic jargon as is commonly used by the sociologists he is attacking. The reason is that the self-persecution in question is the consequence not of false thinking but of a fleshly wish, which can only be countered by a life wish.

One of the most arresting memories of my time at a newspaper correspondent in Washington, D.C., is of Stewart Alsop (then doing a column in collaboration with his brother Joseph) and his charming wife Tuck. So I was the more delighted to read in his latest book (*Stay at Attention*, Lippincott, \$8.95) that he has

been afflicted with a special deadly kind of leukemia. He describes the book as "a sort of eulogy"—actually, it is a splendidly outrageous, wonderfully lighthearted account of his life and illnesses looked back on from this tragic vantage. All who are terrified of illness and sudden death—which is pretty well everyone—will derive great comfort and cheer from Alsop's engaging defense of life. The book is written with all the panache of a master columnist. *

TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from page 41) Favorite City." Our visitors supported that rating, even though it was the last stop on our trip and they were feeling the effects of six straight night-driving sessions in three cities. As in New Orleans, we stayed at the local Fairmont Hotel and we had our first San Francisco dinner in its opulent Russian Room where Robert Grant was singing. Grant's marvelous baritone has probably the highest decibel rating in the business, put three of our walking wounded fell asleep at the table while he was doing *There, There*. So we concluded—rather as a protest—the night's pub-crawling schedule, which was to have included visits to Fairgrounds Mallards, the Greek Taverna, Montana King at The Roaring House, El Matador, Alibi's dancehouse and maybe a stopby at the Caravan Room atop the fifty-two-story Bank of America building. And after a moment at the Mar Vista, lunch at Wm. A. Richardson's Bay View Restaurant & Oyster Bar on the waterfront at Sausalito, a ferry ride back across the bay, cocktails at the Ben Jonson Restaurant and a tour of The Gracery and Ghiselli Square, a cab ride to the International Museum of Erotic Art and an enormous dinner at the Empress of China, it was the same 1943 St. John's night.

The Japanese delegation, though, ended up at the topless-and-bottles-less show at The Cauder. "In Tokyo we have topless shows and bottles-less shows," Japanese Shinto explained, "but this is the first time I have ever seen it all here together."

Linda Miles, one of the *Britishers* editors out on sets for New York as her first assignment, I knew I was going to the San Francisco, but New York was a zergme, she said. "Everybody keeps putting it down, especially the Americans. I've met in England. You're going to New York!" they said. "I'll be back soon!" But I found it a wonderful place. New Yorkers are so friendly—the city is so civilized! *



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And from all this, the car Europeans choose must be Fiat. Which Fiat? Well, it depends on what their particular driving needs are.

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Other Europeans need a little

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shimmer (there many *Aspects* not reasonable) as an individual accident that even a rampant conscience start to protest? become entirely, and automatically lionized in a letter to the critics. Mr. Deffell, an English TV producer who wrote the film *The Name That Dropped Blood*, writes that in 1971 there was only Visconti's *The Damned* with "a similar background" but "quite different

To be sure, England Made Me is not concerned with pedantry, but, otherwise, it shares some of the neurotic aspects of Visconti's vulgar and vulgarized treatment of sex in a more modestly incoherent class, given the difference in budgets. Here, too, we have a climax consisting of a Nazi spy, and one that is staged, photographed, and edited just as *British Red*, for the most part, this movie suffers from underachievement: not enough plot, characterization, notable dialogue, visual interest, even enough costumes as an excuse to keep the mind and eye properly occupied. Better than the old and nutrition before our eyes, it should have, like Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*, made the audience on which it was made.

Peter Finch, who plays the dapperly barbed francis, is given so little to work with that, for all his intelligence, sensitivity, and good looks, he cannot make the next step, eating, let alone moving—far, surely, Greene intended us to see the pathos as well as the squall of obsession. As his English aristocrat and mistress, we have the beautiful, elegant, and elegant as she feels for her brother who must die to save her, Hildebrandt Neff is not up to either the selfishness of the woman or the complexity of the man. And the beautiful, elegant, and elegant as she feels for her brother who must die to save her, Hildebrandt Neff is not up to either the selfishness of the woman or the complexity of the man.

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Albeit the only person I can remember this film to be myself. For British, it seems to be the only person I can remember this film to be myself. For British, it seems to be the only person I can remember this film to be myself.

For the ultimate law, however, I cannot to you. Ash Wednesday, directed by Larry Peerce, who has no role in the most offensive young director in Hollywood today. Since his initial *Our People*, Two Poles, Peerce has been turned into a milder, perhaps, in every sense, more of a man, and even if Goodbye, Columbus was not a complete stinker, since like *The Sporting Club* and *A Separate Peace* made up for it by being stupid, and the current work is a penultimate conclusion about a rich woman age fifty plus who has a total face-and-body-lifting at a little French clinic, then goes on to a luxury hotel in Cortina d'Ampezzo, where her faithful husband, a Detroit lawyer, is to get her for a second honeymoon. To have her look, the woman Elizabeth Taylor has actually undergone that swelling procedure, now she looks to be a creepy thirty-five and in the company of Cortina—as goddess that her grown daughter doesn't recognize her in the largest town, and that she is the most and most stupidly stupid (Hilbert Berger) has his best doing telegrams over her. But when nobility (Henry Fonda) finally joins her, he finds the woman of surgery and the man looking in on a painted landscape. But even when photographing the real Cortina, Guarnieri's camera performs a kind of cosmetic surgery, the soft-focus shooting through gentle snowfalls, as if the way Dalmatian had returned behind their ears.

This phantly diatribe, complete with dialogue in desperate need of serious rejuvenation or enhancement, was written by one Jean-Claude Truizat, who was born a Belgian, which explains a great deal, and began as Milton Serfati's one-act play, which may explain the rest: "Isn't it simply mad to see a man so much reality?" Serfati's perfectionist, he explains, "I was the last of the son-in-the-dark generation," as the script oscillates between fake cleverness and genuine lunacy. But it is Peerce who is the worst offender of the play. No matter how well a noble one may be for a Las Vegas into it, it escapes out

immediately upon her entry, the last to return her melancholy. If she stays into a pretty close, we must follow the seduction of her face as it flows hungrily, hungrily from one period of close contact to another. If a girl in a fancy, sophisticated restaurant where her lover's face and hands, the entire elaborate stages in mortifying scenes at the victim's will, at the snap of the headmaster's fingers, the orchestra and life resume their courses. At the close, Peerce shamelessly cuts back and forth between plot scenes, alternating in their lack of subtlety, and momentary shots of glacial tragedy, revealing in their entirety.

The movie's main premise, voiced by Fonda, "We're both changed. We don't satisfy each other's needs anymore," is never demonstrated or explained, and all the characters are in just the whimsy of the plotting. Then the divorced daughter first refuses to hear from Paris to Cortina to see her mother—what calculation! She is, respectively, served by the Venice airport and tries to make money from the facts of daddy's disaffection—crashily only to be killed. Then promptly returns to Paris, but she calls the attention of Cortina's ex-wife to her mother's old age—exaggerate last. And Peerce's direction plays from close-up to close-up, as outdoors it turns every frame into a picture-in-frame portrait. The camera is in the same frame Guarnieri who was responsible for that much more work in the early-nearly Cortina of the *Paris-Cortina*, and I particularly liked one sequence shot of the film looking in on a painted landscape. But even when photographing the real Cortina, Guarnieri's camera performs a kind of cosmetic surgery, the soft-focus shooting through gentle snowfalls, as if the way Dalmatian had returned behind their ears.

It makes one wonder at which producer's work he returns. Larry Peerce's father, Jay, would have said for free, to get his own son into the movie. And *Wednesday* is so bad that even Las Taylor's performance becomes almost inconspicuous in it. Fonda and Keith Bealer do well, but only just, and Hilbert Berger doesn't even try, which seems to come naturally to him. Complete with sympathy were by the once-talented Maurice Evans, then in the sort of film that used to be called a woman's picture. Today, with more and more women becoming liberated, they will need their hands not to wipe onto gentle faces, but to bite into during the most of the play. Ash Wednesday is not so much about plastic surgery as about plastic. —



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Ezra

Proposed:

THAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD GET ONE YEAR OFF IN EVERY SEVEN

by Kenneth Lamont

Resolved: America will think about it



Because my father was both a college professor and a missionary in Japan, I was brought up under the illusion that everybody took a year off every seven years. At least all the Americans we knew did. When our turn came, we packed our trunks and suitcases, made arrangements for the survival of our cook

and his family, and boarded a steamship that either delivered us to San Francisco by way of Honolulu or started us on our way to New York by way of Dairen, Shanghai, Manila, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa and perhaps some other interesting ports. A year later we returned, thoroughly refreshed, to the campus in Tokyo.

I was rewarded of these dream, pleasant days when, last spring, I got into a discussion with a couple of the editors of this magazine who were arguing that a general system of sabbaticals might hold the key to a great social revolution for America. God knows, the cries for help from all directions are loud enough. People are being hard pushed by the way we live, suicide, divorce, and addiction to alcohol and other drugs are epidemic. The people who work in factories are sending up signals of distress arising less from discontent with their paychecks than from the lack of satisfaction they get from the work they do. Women, and particularly housewives, have been rightly demanding a better place at the banquet table of life.

Furthermore, I was biased in favor of the sabbatical because I had just finished the research for a book exploring the pervasive connections between emotional stress and disease and had become convinced that there is a substantial psychological component in the beginning of virtually every disease that we can think of, particularly the biggest killers—heart attacks, strokes,

and cancer. A general sabbatical might, it seemed to me, turn out to be a great contribution to public health.

The evidence we have on hand to that sabbaticals work, at least so far as they have been tried. As guides, we have both the long-standing experience of the academic community and the briefer experience of the business world, where it is becoming not unusual to offer sabbaticals, or something like them, to high-level executives. These work too. Reviewing executive sabbaticals in a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review*, Ed Goldstein, president of Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, reported on his own entirely happy experience and quoted the observation of a colleague that, "You don't have a recharged battery; you have a new motor."

Well, why shouldn't everybody once in a while have the chance to get a new motor—not just professors and business executives? How about assembly-line workers, policemen, housewives, bus drivers, self-employed professionals, back-porchers, farmers? With some rearranging, I took on the assignment of putting together a proposal that would be distributed for comment to a panel of politicians, labor leaders, housewives, economists, futurists, and the like. My suggestions were largely on a general ground. I am an economist and it seemed to me then—it no longer does—that it was more than a little presumptuous to propound on behalf of a vast advance whose consequences on the national economy I couldn't even begin to estimate.

That was last month ago. I've learned a great deal since then. First, the volume and general tone of the response to the draft proposal I wrote made it clear that a great many responsible and articulate people recognize the need for a general sabbatical.

Among the people who took the trouble to write letters of agreement and criticism, often of several pages, were a Cabinet officer (Health, Education and Welfare), a former Cabinet officer (Interior), the administrators of two major government agencies (the Civil Service Commission and the Veterans Administration), five Senators, one former Senator, and two members of Congress, the international presidents of three labor unions (the rail-

way, airline and steamship clerks, the machinists and aerospace workers, and the state, county, and municipal employees, the chairman of the boards of two grand corporations (United States Steel and Tyndall), and such honored citizens as Marshall McLuhan, J. Paul Getty, and the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham.

In putting together the proposal for a general sub-sabbatical, my strategy was to send a boldly revolutionary trial balloon and see what sort of fire it drew. The proposal was full of personal prejudice, which goes back to an admiration for F.D.R. and Adlai Stevenson. The rhetoric was sometimes playful rather than solemn. Parts of the proposal were deliberately calculated to

THE UNIVERSAL SABBATICAL SYSTEM:

A PROPOSAL

1. In the book of Leviticus, the Lord God Jehovah is reported to have declared that "six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt leave it fallow; and in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord; thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard."

The audience subliminally connects this to the prescription for it encourages the beneficiary to let his hand and body be fallow for a year—at least it encourages him to direct himself to a different activity and to visit different places, which, like rotating crops, may be just as effective.

2. The Universal Sabbatical System (U.S.S.) will extend the sub-sabbatical idea to all Americans of working age—men, women, wage earners, housewives, executives, assembly-line workers, professionals, garbage men, the self-employed. The objective is nothing less than to reconvert the material world and revitalize the national economy by attacking at its roots the alienation of the worker from his work, which has recently been publicized as the Hays-Collins Blues, the Monkey Wrench Blues, and the Job Blues. By giving ourselves breathing

space some people rather than to reduce their approval. Billed down, the proposal said:

—Everybody should get a sub-sabbatical.
—It will be nobody else's business what you do as your sub-sabbatical, but the system will be set up to encourage the Role of Opposites—for instance, the policeman will be encouraged to enter a Zen monastery. Public service and education will be other favored fields.

—Husbands and wives will be encouraged to spend their sub-sabbatical apart to renew themselves individually.

—Sub-sabbatical awards will be paid out of public funds. The administrative machinery will be a Cabinet-level agency managing a budget almost as large as the Department of Defense's.

of life. Warman in industrial theaters will be encouraged to learn new skills. People with tender consciences will be offered opportunities for public service in organizations like the Y and the Peace Corps. Sub-sabbatical recipients will spring up as a new sub-proletariat.

A model for the Role of Opposites was recently provided by Dr. John R. Coleman, the president of Haverford College, who revealed that as his sub-sabbatical he had worked as a herdsman, ditchdigger, garbage man, ditchmaster, and salad man at an asyrum house.

A virtually the only restriction on the sub-sabbatical will be the injunction: Thou Shalt Not Profit. Those who choose to work at sub-sabbatical jobs will receive their sub-sabbatical stipends and no more. Unlikely modifications, such as trying to collect paychecks in addition to their stipends, will be dealt with as harshly as income-tax evaders are now, for they are stealing money from their fellow citizens.

3. The effect of the Universal Sabbatical System on marriage and other domestic arrangements touches both on the public and the private economy. In general, domestic partners will be encouraged to spend their sub-sabbatical apart in order to renew themselves individually. Young children will be used for during their parents' sub-sabbaticals—perhaps in day-care centers, supervised by adults, and for people on sub-sabbatical. The family will in the end be strengthened.

4. The administrative machinery to support the Universal Sabbatical System will be created by legislation so sweeping as that which created the social-security system. Legally, the Universal Sabbatical Agency (U.S.A.) should be part of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in view of the intrastate class at H.E.W., however, U.S.A.

—Eighteen million persons will be eligible for a sub-sabbatical in any year, about half will probably take their sub-sabbatical. Based on the worker's earnings the average sub-sabbatical stipend will be \$4,000, averaging \$72,000,000,000 per year in payments. (This figure will, however, be reduced by the earnings of people who choose to work at another job rather than rest, travel, or study on their sub-sabbatical.)

—Funds to support the sub-sabbatical will come from several sources—various in employees and employers who join up sub-sabbatical, the closing of tax loopholes, and the redistribution of funds in the federal budget.

—Unemployment will decline as people are lured to fill the empty spaces on assembly lines and other early

will be created as an independent agency, headed by an officer of Cabinet rank who will command a budget second only to the Department of Defense's and who will be our spokesman for the renewal of life, just as the Secretary of Defense is our spokesman for the bureaucracy of death and destruction.

The administrative model for the U.S.A. will be the Social Security Administration and the insurance and veterans' benefits divisions of the Veterans Administration, two organizations that have, for all their crimes, evolved reasonably efficient and reasonably honest systems of handling the financial claims of nation-wide large numbers of people.

The sub-sabbatical stipends to workers who decline to take sub-sabbaticals and on their employers. Still another quarter will be raised by progressively closing the loopholes in the income-tax system. (Philip M. Phillips has originated in his recent issue of the *Forbes* that these loopholes currently account for the loss to the public coffers of \$77,000,000,000 annually—enough to support the entire Universal Sabbatical System with almost a billion left over.) The remaining \$1,135,000,000,000, representing about seven percent of the federal budget, will be raised by redistributing the income tax on other options. (This may make for hard times in the Department of Defense and the C.I.A., but from any consideration of humanity the U.S.S. clearly has a higher order of priority than these agencies.)

5. In order to estimate the cost of the U.S.S., let us consider some round numbers. In April, 1972, the civilian labor force was estimated at a little more than 80,000,000 persons. In addition, there were about 10,000,000 housewives. Giving a gross total of 125,000,000 persons of an age for sub-sabbatical benefits. In any one year, one seventh of them, or about 18,000,000 persons, could apply for sub-sabbatical awards.

Given the novelty of the Universal Sabbatical System and the reluctance of many persons to risk leaving their jobs for a year, let us assume that actually only half the eligible will take advantage of this opportunity.

If this assumption is correct, 9,000,000 people will go on sub-sabbatical the first operational year of the system.

The median family income will soon be \$12,800. Two thirds of this is \$8,500. Nine million sub-sabbaticals at an average of \$8,000 each will consume \$72,000,000,000 in sub-sabbatical stipends to be paid each year. An additional five percent for administration produces a total budget of \$75,000,000,000. This compares favorably with the budget for the Department of Defense.

10. A quarter of the program will be rendered self-supporting by virtue of those who choose to work at paid sub-sabbatical jobs. Another quarter will be provided by stipends levied on workers who decline to take sub-sabbaticals and on their employers. Still another quarter will be raised by progressively closing the loopholes in the income-tax system. (Philip M. Phillips has originated in his recent issue of the *Forbes* that these loopholes currently account for the loss to the public coffers of \$77,000,000,000 annually—enough to support the entire Universal Sabbatical System with almost a billion left over.) The remaining \$1,135,000,000,000, representing about seven percent of the federal budget, will be raised by redistributing the income tax on other options. (This may make for hard times in the Department of Defense and the C.I.A., but from any consideration of humanity the U.S.S. clearly has a higher order of priority than these agencies.)

As the U.S.S. grows and its beneficial effects are realized, further support will come from funds previously allocated to unemployment insurance and welfare. The total annual expenditure, \$9,000,000 jobs will be created.

11. Not the least of the benefits of the U.S.S. will be its encouragement of industry serving sub-sabbatical needs. If the 9,000,000 people on sub-sabbatical

replaceable jobs. The travel industry, the education industry, and other service industries will prosper. Inflation will be stemmed, the economy revitalized, and the national morale re-created.

I was hit by that well-known strange feeling when the reforms began to come in. The first letter of response came from Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who dismissed me by calling the proposal a delightful trick and then proceeded gratefully that it was the farthest get-on stage the grand old man could afford and the drive to make animals wear clothes. "Bogus," there was only two or three others who thought my tongue was in my cheek. Particularly thoughtful letters

spend an average of only \$1,800 a year on travel, a sum of \$9,000,000,000 will be pumped into the travel industry. If a quarter of the pre-problem sub-sabbatical spend an average of \$800 on educational activities, \$1,135,000,000 will flow into the education industry, with spin-offs into such associated industries as publishing and the book business. Other service industries will benefit proportionately.

In the long run, the Universal Sabbatical System will convert the United States from an economy geared principally to preparation for warfare to an economy geared primarily to the satisfaction of the most deeply felt human needs.

15. The effect of the U.S.S. on inflation will be profound. The sub-sabbatical stipend, it will be recalled, amounts to two thirds of the preceding average annual income. Some sub-sabbaticals will manage comfortably on less, but many others—probably the majority—will need to supplement their stipend with earnings. We have assumed that half the work force (including housewives) will participate in the U.S.S. This amounts to 62,500,000 people. In any year, \$18,000,000 will be on sub-sabbatical. The remaining \$4,000,000 will be moving toward their sub-sabbatical. Each of these sums will have an average of only \$20 a month, \$240,000,000 a year would be withdrawn from circulation. The deflationary effect would surely be appreciable.

13. The Universal Sabbatical System is one of those rare proposals that will truly benefit both the individual and the nation. Its costs are considerable, but its advantages—to the nation, to the economy, and to the human spirit—are even more considerable. The long and arduous task remains of arming the voters to demand such a system from those who make our laws.

seasonal worker hours and jobs and channels into unemployment benefits before taking up new work, our reaction is, "How awful?" We're not that on understanding the work risks.

MR. OWEN: It is not surprising that the Rule of Opposites would prefer either *feasible* or *acceptable*. It is all very well for the highly trained, but what about the untrained? A doctor can double in productivity, but the dishwasher cannot reverse the equation. So this fits in for the doctor during his absence?

SENATOR ARROW: The Rule of Opposites is downright dangerous. According to it, the system will be organized to encourage the individual to become involved in activities which are not opposite to the direction of his occupation. A subaltern should require nothing. That is the point of it. It should give people time to require things of themselves, their way or not, their direction, either will or not, from what he normally does. I might add that for most Americans there are two points in the career career that he considers as operating under the Rule of Opposites.

CHARLES DENNIS (International President, Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks): John Doe, his wife Mary and their two children live on \$18,000 a year. This represents John's salary from a small plant where he is working up the ladder and hopeful of advancement to his top manager's job after broadening his experience and waiting for normal expansion created by natural attrition.

Fast under the opportunity of U.S.S., John should or could John do take off for a year to complete his next



Frank or whatever, thus losing valuable experience needed for future advancement and possibly even an advancement itself, while leaving his wife and two children to live on \$18,000 per year (not to mention his own needs during that year's absence). If my money is this sharply reduced income due to the average

family when the speed of our living up to and beyond our income is credited only by the speed of our own life?

WALTER J. MICHEL (Senior Secretary of the Institute): The American unemployment doesn't want more income than as much as he wants more satisfying time, on the job and off.

MR. FISHER: There are several areas in which the plan could be considered counter-productive. For example, the bulk of it is assumed to be in the few years, and on many highly specialized jobs a year can amount to a whole generation. In such cases, an employee will return from a year's subaltern to find himself unable to cope with new technology. This would create job alternatives of an entirely different kind.

SECRETARY MEMBERSHIP: One should also be aware, in seeking to approve skills through subalterns for need of the work force, that transfer as those skills cannot be applied in the firm where the worker was originally prior to the subaltern, security and pension problems are of considerable moment.

MAXIMILIAN HAJIMAN (author and Director, Center for Culture and Technology, University of Toronto): Appropriate programs should be established for all people, the effects here

already have been in the form of unemployment and increasing leisure, and in the firm from job-shifting to re-qualifying which the seasonal worker necessarily demands. The subaltern would now be the way of entering the need for multiple job-shifting, or, in other words, re-qualifying. If subaltern were to give us a two-headed-year bonus, we might discover the need for training workers for multiple careers. In point of fact, however, the speed of technological change in the world we live in has produced the most serious lack of a really increased life-span. It is possible to extend the ordinary period of about any conventional work or education in a few months, so that it is meaningless to spend on skills that are in a repetitive and specialized situation.

ADRIAN LA ROCQUE: A much more simple and direct solution for the horizon and extent of those who have difficulty in subaltern jobs is a guaranteed annual income. Every ten years of the government's expense. In this present period, the individual could work or not work, travel or not travel, etc. The Universal Subaltern System requires such a highly structured system that, in the long run, the individual would be satisfied.

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS (Republican, New York): The idea of doing nothing every seven years is delightful, and I like your use of the term of opposites. I don't quite know how this would apply to a United States Senator (and, as my Secretary could tell me, it is already made). It might suggest it would entail a situation where the Senator would not speak, and so people, used to so much, and spend all day reading only letters of censure and correspondence.

Response was somewhat hostile, but gave on to advocate a government-subsidized vacation every ten years. Give or take three years, he seems to be a convert.

With regard to some of the other criticisms, it needs to be said that although the use of extreme cases is an effective rhetorical device, it doesn't contribute much to this discussion. The Rule of Opposites is not mandatory. Usually, though, a donor pretenses in, say, Harvard or White would become a much better doctor if he spent his subaltern living and working as his patients live and work. The reverse isn't true and of course doesn't really have anything to do with the case. So the answer to the question *Who fits in for the doctor?* is simpler: another doctor.

Something like this is already being done at medical schools which involve practicing doctors to work and study in their teaching hospitals for periods of six months or more. During this time, the doctor's practice is taken care of by a third, or fourth-year resident. It is a pleasant idea. It substitutes insurance. Both parties benefit—the practicing physician by renewing the sources of his knowledge and skill, and the resident by coming to grips with the real world of everyday practice.

The fact of the matter is that most people aren't compensated or trained properly or certified public accountants. The great bulk of jobs in factories and offices would be filled by people who are currently unemployed.

Mr. Dennis' example of John Doe, with his spew-strewn ambition, his \$18,000 a year, his wife Mary and their two kids is a picture which is not very far from the way that Mr. Dennis intended it. If John doesn't get out of his squirrel cage pretty soon and spend a year doing something else—almost anything else—Mary is going to become a young widow and those two kids aren't going to get to college.

None of the commentators seemed to care very much

for the proposal's prohibition on using the subaltern period to make some extra money.

SENATOR WOLFE: Why not allow the individual in "moonlight" periods to find a number of individuals would not accept the proposal in the future extent of the opportunity but I have faith that over time, the average citizen would come to appreciate the significance of this opportunity.

BON HANSEN (Director of Publications, National Association and General Fund): The restriction "Thou Shalt Not Profit" seems to me rather unrealistic. If one could profit by doing something else for a year, would not the subaltern be more attractive?

MR. LINDSEY: I mention your restriction of "Thou Shalt Not Profit" and your suggestion for doing without it. Since sort of punishment would be appropriate, but the punishment should fit the crime. Perhaps the punishment

OKAY, BUT HOW ABOUT THE ECONOMICS OF THE THING?

kind of jobs you can get for a year (that carry some responsibility and creativity are limited). "These education and training. This means that more money because the people would be able to work on their own. And you can't educate a student for anything less than \$12,000 to \$18,000 a year. The educational system now runs at a rate of about \$30,000,000,000 a year. If two or three million more people would education or training and each cost out, say, \$2,000 a year, that would add \$1,000,000,000 to the national living spend for education.

Here, Mr. Lammert reports, Professor Arrow looked a little surprised at the outcome of his calculations. "Why, that's not totally unrealistic," he said. "In fact, it doesn't seem too staggering."

He continued, "The important thing is that taking a year off improves the chances of people getting into jobs more useful to themselves and society. A big problem will be in guaranteeing that the jobs will be waiting when the person on subaltern returns. This is going to be a really hard to enforce."

At a preliminary discussion, Arrow reacted with skepticism to some aspects of the proposal. "A big problem is the right way to introduce into the economy by paying people out of tax," he pointed out. "Whenever you impose more taxes, you introduce a stiffness into the economy. And there's no point in invoking the \$7,500,000,000 in tax loopholes. That's a plain suggestion. Besides, changing some of these loopholes is going to hurt you and me. The biggest loophole, for example, is the interest on mortgages.

"Two. The best alternative probably is to engage in another occupation. The difficulty here is that the

could be that upon the expiration of a subaltern year, an individual would be ready to go to work on a job that he had less unemployment would get the old job back.

Senator Inouye and Mr. Hansen seem to have got the stick by the wrong end. We have no intention of discouraging people from doing more interesting work on their subaltern. More power to them! But the motive for their taking the job should be in their interest and not in their salary.

The idea that part-time in a marriage might benefit from a subaltern from each other generated a good deal of opposition.

GENERAL GAVIN: Putting a *harem* on a subaltern system is a great idea, but who is going to do what is expected to that? Perhaps both husband and wife could go on a subaltern together, but that raises problems about the family.

DR. WOLMAN: The entire is (Continued on page 107)

the Universal Subaltern System? You can finance anything—even a war! Maybe the additional taxes aren't unassailable, but they do weigh against the argument in favor of a universal subaltern.

Professor Arrow was especially severe on the anti-inflation hypothesis of the subaltern plan, but concluded that the total economic effects of the subaltern could be predicted and tolerably well. The argument that the Universal Subaltern will cure inflation is preposterous and a fallacy, he said, will be saving money, sure, but people will still spend it. The effects will tend to even out. An important economic consequence is that it will bring about a sharp reduction in the gross national product, with one seventh of the labor force out of production—or what we usually think of as out of commission. A major measure of the G.N.P. should really include the value of leisure. What I'd expect to happen is that the G.N.P. will drop so much that it will then grow more rapidly from a lower base, particularly if training a big lesson."

While Mr. Lammert's research group produced a report in Economics for 1975 was awarded, and a copy of the proposal went out to the winner, Harvard's Wanda Lammert. Professor Lammert showed that the subaltern would be a proper way to take advantage of steadily rising "labor productivity" by paying more leisure instead of overworking to pile up material goods, and dissipating in the process the environment. "The more the people have in their hands," he wrote, "the more the people have in their hands." "The idea," he wrote, "has no chance of being accepted so long as millions of Americans continue to stand below the poverty line."

The Healing Hand of Mr. E

by David M. Rorvik

News from the lab on the feasibility of miracles

What can you say about a seventy-seven-year-old retired Hungarian army colonel who "heals" wounded lab mice, distressed barley seedlings and depressed cynomolgus? The most important thing, observes Dr. Sister M. Justa Smith, M.D., M.S., and embryologist, is what you can't say: "You can't say that it's psychosomatic, the power of suggestion, that it's all in your head." Cynomolgus don't have heads. Neither do barley seedlings, and—as far as anyone knows—mice, though susceptible to conditioning, are not subject to suggestion.

We (and I include myself) have long satiated and perhaps even comforted our behaviorist-conditioned selves with the conviction that unorthodox healers are generally charlatans who, to the extent that they succeed at all, are only capitalizing on an unfortunate evolutionary weakness in man's over-developed cortex—his suggestibility. We shake our heads disdainfully and march our prescription tablets, conveniently forgetting about the placebo, the sugar pill that sometimes cures our ills because we believe it is treated with potent nutrients. If there is a real lesson to be learned from the placebo (for the behaviorist the belief itself of all) we generally choose not to learn it.

Of course, we are embarrassed occasionally by the amnesia-hemiplegia cure of a child for a childlike mind who will ask, even if it is "only hypnosis" or "only suggestion," shouldn't it be investigated if it works? The galling implication of all this is that if we could just test out what "only suggestion" is, bottle it and sell it something like aspirin, people might have far fewer headaches.

Embarrassment gives way to skepticism, however, when reputable scientists begin poking into these matters, drawing clever ways of eliminating the suggestibility factor and still coming up with results that show that at least some psychic healers have real (in the scientific, statistical, hard-nosed sense of the word) effects that are observable, measurable, reproducible and heritable. When I first heard (from some staff members of the Menninger Foundation) about a man who was providing a psychic healer with enzymes in need of "healing," my initial reaction was one of at least mild distrust. Was this some new far-fetched scheme to prove the existence of God? And what, for God's

sake, was a man doing rubbing in what many people, rightly or wrongly, would label the scrub? The daily remembered loss of my childhood, I was convinced, would have given a psychic healer a berth as wide as the one reserved for Satan himself.

But Sister Justa, as I was to learn, is a man who was "blessed the halist." Despite the stigma that make her feel like she's "regained the human race," however, Sister Justa is still very much a Franciscan and her suggestibility is both Master's degrees in mathematics (St. Bonaventure University) and physical chemistry (St. Louis University) and a Ph.D. in biochemistry (St. Thomas Institute for Advanced Studies). She does not dream when I tell her that she looks fifteen years younger than her confessed sixty. I suspect that it has something to do with her enzymes and I am not sure why. ("I'm a nutcracker," she says, "I eat right.") Crisp, concise and sparkling, she is very much the scientist, though I am reminded in our initial conversation that the joy that is said to characterize the Sisters of St. Francis is not at all incompatible with the driving necessity of the good scientist.

As for the "inappreciability" of a man doing psychic research, Sister Justa dismisses this with the intelligence that she does scientific research—period. "The work I did on psychic healing was simply an extension of the kinetic studies I had been running on enzymes for some time." As for the Church's feelings about this, Sister Justa says there hasn't been any risk and she doesn't expect any.

It was at Rosary Hill College, once a Catholic school for women but now a private nondenominational college, in Buffalo that Sister Justa first became interested in psychic healing. She was head of the world science programs offered by the college, a position she recently resigned to become assistant director of studies at Rosamund Park Memorial Institute, a leading cancer research center. A young biochemist from McGill University, Dr. Bernard Grad, delivered a lecture at Rosary Hill in 1968 which, in Sister Justa's words, "was astonishing to say the least."

Dr. Grad reported on an intricately controlled research project involving a retired Hungarian army colonel named Debar. Debar—whose name he primarily refers to only as "Mr. E." It seemed that Mr. E had, by the simple laying on

of hands, worked wonders with both mice and barley seedlings—experimental "subjects" selected by the colonizing Mr. Grad for their lack of susceptibility. The mice were wounded in the laboratory in identical fashion and then treated, as we shall see later in greater detail, under double-blind conditions that kept the researchers from knowing which mice were which until the experiment had been concluded.

The animals were all treated in one of three ways: by Mr. E, by "ordinary" individuals who went through all the motions of laying on of hands, and by nothing at all. The mice treated by Mr. E healed at significantly faster rates than those in the other two groups. In another experiment, which Sister Justa heard Dr. Grad describe, seedlings nourished with water that Mr. E had merely held in his hands grew at noticeably faster rates than those given untreated water.

"I was very impressed with the tight controls that Mr. Grad used in his experiments," Sister Justa remembers. "But he had told me I was skeptical. When we met again, at a scientific conference in Chicago, we talked about this, and Dr. Grad, aware of my extensive work in enzymology, suggested that I utilize a technique I had mastered for assaying a particular enzyme called tyrosinase to test Mr. E myself." It is Sister Justa's thesis that these enzymes act as necessary for accelerating all metabolic reactions within cells; all bodily malfunctions will manifest themselves, to some extent, at the enzyme level. Thus, if the body is in the hands of some malfunctions, the metabolic process must also manifest itself at the enzyme level.

Sister Justa had done extensive research on the effects of magnetic fields on tyrosinase, a particular enzyme essential for the proper digestion of protein, and had discredited many of her colleagues by demonstrating that these physical fields could substantially increase the activity of the enzyme. The suggestion that she now use her well-developed enzyme technique to test the effect of a human "healer" was irresistible. "It was exactly what I had done so many times before," she says, "except that this time the external agent I was exposing the enzyme to was not the magnetic or ultraviolet energies I had used before but a hypothetical human energy."

In the Summer of 1967, Mr. E obligingly. (Continued on page 154)



"You wanted some figures from our publicity department, didn't you? This is the only way you can get them." I was finally able to make another call with Yablons, who, by the way, all, or nearly all, chose his pen name. After a few minutes of pleasantries about Paramount and a brief lecture on the duties of Paramount's president, he put in a long-distance call to Evans.

"Baby," he said, reviewing the syllables with his tongue as if they were ancient little candies he wanted to make last until dinner. "There's a writer here who says you claim credit for the success of Paramount Pictures."

"Oh, yes," Yablons had the phone on loudspeaker and Evans' voice, half muffled at that point, boomed the length of the office.

"He says you say you're a big Hollywood mogul, Rocky."

"Oh, for God's sake."

"...and don't you make all the decisions here."

"Oh, no, Frank, let me speak to you a minute," Yablons, who had clearly enjoyed Evans' discomfort, turned off the loudspeaker, listened intently for a moment, with a few nods and assenting grunts, then turned the conversation public again so that Evans could talk to me.

"Hello, Gary. Can you hear me, Gary?" Like Southrons, most people are liberal with nicknames, which they speak like a conversational confidant after every fifth or sixth word. "I think your story should really be about Mr. Frank and me, Gary, and I think you should give equal emphasis to both of us. I really mean that, Gary. We really have a unique relationship. There's been nothing like it since Thalberg and Meyer."

A few days later I had lunch alone with Yablons, who explained that he had no designs on Evans' job, nor Evans on his. What he really wants to be, Yablons said, is President of the United States, and he is already contemplating running for Mayor of New York in 1977 as the first step on his road to the White House. His relationship with Evans, he asserted with what seemed like at least partial conviction, is "the that between brothers—and brothers can speak frankly to one another." "Bob survived these presidents," he jovially informed me. "I told him that he won't survive the fourth. I told him that if I go down, he goes down with me."

Like Gary Gately, Evans at an early age seems to have had a platonic conception of the stylist, romantic even he wanted to be, and has never recovered from that goal. He is almost too handsome, too carefully dressed in his Beverly Hills elegance, as if he had wrapped himself in cellphases years ago and was afraid to unwrap the package for fear of spilling the contents. In real life, his family was middle-class Manhattan Jewish, with strong family attachments. His father was a dentist who "never had a friend in his life," says Charles Evans. "His total interest was in his wife and children."

When Bob was eleven he decided to go on radio and, with characteristic chutzpah, went down to CBS and NBC for non-expensive auditions. A year or so later he was appearing on such shows as *The Right to Happiness*, *Young Wilder Evans*, and *The All-Right Family*. By the time he was fifteen or sixteen, he was sometimes making as much as several hundred dollars a week, and going out with girls in their twenties, taking them to Manhattan's best restaurants in chauffeured limousines. "He had a terrific life," remembers actor

Dick Van Patten, another kid on the soap. "He would never run out of desperation."

By seventeen, little Rocky was nearly burned out, and he jarringly took him to Florida in December. When he came back to New York, he discovered that his radio career had evaporated, and, in desperation, he joined Charles in Evans-Patterson, the women's sportswear firm that Charles and Joseph Patterson had started. Then, as always, Evans could find no enough charm to sell trinkets to Kalamita, and by the time he left he was executive vice-president of the active-sportswear division. "Bob claims now never to have been happy at Evans-Patterson," Charles muses somewhat sadly. "I don't know whether to believe him or not. While he's doing something, he is trying to win so hard that you get the impression he likes it." In any event, when the firm was sold to Revlon in the early Sixties, Bob, by then a partner in the company's shoes manufacturing division, was not unhappy at walking away with a couple more dollars.

Even while he was selling shoes, Evans had temporarily resumed his acting career. Showing himself one day in the mid-Fifties beside the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel, he was spotted by Norma Sherron, who thought he seemed as much like her late husband, Irving Thalberg, that she landed him the small Thalberg part in a filmed biography of Ian Cheney. A few months later, that role finished, Evans was similarly approached in El Mercurio by Dorell F. Szack, who thought he would be a fine lightbulb in *The Sun Shines When*. Szack was the only one, however, who felt that way. "The other actors hated me in the picture. Roomingway wanted a real nutcase, and Ava Gardner wanted the part for an Italian actor she was going out with at the time. The director sent a cable to Szack in London saying: 'Everyone in the cast, including myself, wants Evans out of the picture. I suggest you fly over from London and settle this problem immediately.' Szack came from London and walked into the building with a megaphone. He watched me make a few poses and yelled into the megaphone: 'I think this kid looks great. Anyone who doesn't like it can leave the picture!' He sat down and started puffing on a cigar. It showed real balls, you know. It makes a big man big, and it was a great lesson to me in my life. Make a decision and stick with it, and don't be pushed around by anybody."

Despite Szack and Sherron, Evans' second acting career never amounted to much more than the first. Realizing he would never be any good, he decided to stick with selling. When the Revlon meltdowns came through, however, Evans went back to Hollywood—but as a producer, not an actor. He established himself under the loose aegis of Twentieth Century-Fox and searched fruitlessly for properties. Peter Bart, who was then show-business correspondent for *The New York Times*, wrote a story about him that caught the eye of Charles Rivkin, who was searching openly for someone who could make something of his newest acquisition, Paramount Pictures. He gave the job to Evans.

At first, and for several years thereafter, Evans, with his pretty face and playboy image, was not taken seriously. "He's positively squeaked me to hell on my ass," he remembers, "and the odds were very heavy that I would. There was one's front-page story in *Variety* that I was being fired. Everyone gave me six months on the job." To make matters worse, that out-of-the-sunshine incident for which Evans's picture work had not yet surfaced. One by one his daughters—Pamela Lynn Rayne, *The Moby McGee*, (Continued on page 116)

The Problem of Chu Chu Malave

Introducing, at one hundred and forty pounds, the junior welterweight esthetic champion of the world!

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We've come a long way, fight fans, since underdogged but self-supplied kids used boxing as a ladder out of America's ghetto into its central-city wards. Chu Chu here has been a professional for four years, winning twenty-one of twenty-five to the applause of multitudes, but whereas, say, Rocky Mar-

avon's following was composed mainly of people who came to see him win, Chu Chu's victories, like those who follow the careers of Al Carubba and Mureyes, seem to have something else in mind. Things in Harlem don't what they was, folks. Leave us examine together the dimensions of the phenomenon on the following pages

First, a preliminary statement of the critical question



A few tentative assessments and obiter dicta from the coterie



Overreacher?

Gordon matchmaker Teddy Brenner isn't sure Chu Chu is a serious person: "You've got to live boxing twenty-four hours a day or you can't make it."



Chu Chu's most recent appearance was against former World Lightweight Champion Ken Buchanan last September 1 in New York



Culture hero?

To fashion illustrator Antonio, Chu Chu represents the new Puerto Rican generation—"people who found out what they wanted to do and did it."



In the first round, Buchanan hit Chu Chu hard and early and often; he took a severe beating for two minutes.



Actor?

Director Elia Kazan has given Chu Chu private lessons in the art, and he played a Puerto Rican gang leader in the recent police movie *Badge 372*.



Rounds two and three were close. Chu Chu, dazed by Buchanan's blows in the first, went back to work as the champion but never fully recovered.



Beautiful person?

Artist Richard Merkin: "Chu Chu is awfully pretty. Fashion and media people, more than his athletic talent, have made him a cult figure."



Chu Chu found himself again in the fourth, landed a lot of good punches, won the round as the seconds, and opened this cut on Buchanan's eye.



Enigma?

Recording star and composer Isaac Hayes, described by Chu Chu and his manager as "a fan, definitely a fan," nevertheless wouldn't say why.



Another cut, this time on Chu Chu, turned the fight around for the second time in the fifth round. The judges, however, called the round even.



Hierophant?

Fashion photographer Juan Ramos: "You identify with Chu Chu as you would with an actor onstage—you become a participant, not a mere spectator of the fight."



Experiences showed in the sixth, as the early punches Chu Chu took began to tell. Buchanan, though ahead, was not yet necessarily a sure winner.



A star is struck

Invited to comment on the style and significance of Chu Chu for the world of sport, Muhammad Ali observed, "Who's he?" Well. Maybe that's why the referee stopped the Sachsevsen fight after one minute forty-three seconds of the seventy round, when things had reached the stage shown at left: Beauty and style can draw a fashionable crowd, it appears, but cannot permanently overt last. What is the solution? The new American solution, of course, is to transcend the problem, like this: Can Mick Jagger sing? Can Al MacGraw act? Can Rod McKuen write verse, or Pete Hamill prose? Then read Chu Chu Mallowe fight? Star quality is not constrained within the narrow limits of technique; it just, oh so inevitably, is

Quailberry

by Barry Hannah

A solution of sorts



A week after the fight the hero, substantially restored to his original form, receives a deluge of admiring critics. And that, fight fans, is the answer, if there is one.

Count your sons and daughters, America, combatants are missing on every front

When I was ten, eleven, and twelve, I did a good bit of my play in the backyard of a three-story wooden house my father had bought and turned out, his first venture into real estate. We lived right across the street from it, but over here was the place to do your real play. There was an old harvested but overgrown garden, a vine-covered fence at the back end, and beyond the fence a cornfield which belonged to someone else. This was not the country. This was the town Union, Mississippi, between Jackson on the east and Vicksburg on the west. On this lot stood a few water oaks, a few plum bushes, and much overgrowth of honeysuckle vine. At the very back end, at the fence, stood three strong made cherry trees.

In Mississippi it is difficult to acquire a vista. But my friends and I had one here at the back corner of the garden. We could see across the cornfield, see the one lone tin-roofed house this side of the railroad tracks, then on across the tracks were many other blacker houses with rustier tin roofs, smoke coming out of the chimneys in the late fall. This was significant. We had loneliness and could see the colored children bustling about and perhaps a hopeless new or two with her brood packed in a tiny boarded-up area. Through the lineations and afternoons in October we watched some war come and had a large bag as the birds. They roosted on the trees kept running around, head leaning toward the ground, for several minutes before I lay down. I thought I saw the war happening when it finally did. One of them was screaming, plainly drunk in my sight from three hundred yards away. He had the long knife. Because of that some I considered Negroes moving towards for a good five more years of my life. Our maid brought some sausage to my mother and when it was put in the pot to fry, I made a point of running out of the house.

I went directly across the street and to the back end of the garden behind the apartment house we owned, without my breakfast. That was Saturday. Eventually, Radcliff saw me. His parents had him moving the yard that ran alongside my dad's property. He showed off the power mower and I went over to his house, which was stern wire. His mother maintained handsome laundry grounds of all sorts; she had a leaf-mold bin and St. Augustine grass as sold as a rug.

Radcliff himself was a violent experimental chemist. When Radcliff was eight, he threw a whole package of 22 shells against the sidewalk in front of his house until one of them went off driving lead fragments into his calf, most of them still deep in there where the sur-

geous never dared tamper. Radcliff knew about the sulfur, potassium nitrate and charcoal mixture for gunpowder when he was ten. He bought things through the mail when he ran out of ingredients in his chemistry sets. When he was an infant, his father, a quiet man who owned the Chevrolet agency in town, bought an entire basketball sporting-goods store, and in the middle of their backyard he built a house glass-paned and roofed, one room and a kitchen, where Radcliff's redoubtable legs furniture were kept—all the possible toys he would need for boyhood. There were things in there that Radcliff and I were not mature enough for and did not know the real use of. When we were eleven, we inherited the new Franklin golf balls and went on up a shelf for the local radio, went out in the middle of his yard, and served new golf ball after new golf ball with blasts of the radio over into the cornfield, out of sight. When the strings lasted we just went in and got another racket. We were absorbed by how a good match would not the heavy fifth girls on an endless fight. Then Radcliff's father came down. He simply dismissed me. He took Radcliff into the house and covered his whole body with a belt. But within the week Radcliff had greeted the mortar. It was a steel pipe into which a flashlight battery fit perfectly, like a bullet into a mule. He had drilled a hole for the fuse of an M-80 firecracker at the base, for the charge. It was a grand cannon, set up on a stack of bricks at the back of my dad's property, which was the free place to play. When it shot, it would back up violently with thick smoke and you could hear the flashlight battery whistling off. So that morning when I ran out of the house protesting the hog sausage, I told Radcliff to bring over the mortar. His ma and dad were in Jackson for the day, and he came right over with the pipe, the batteries, and the M-80 explosives. He had two guns of them.

Before, we'd shot off toward the woods to the right of apartment, I turned the bricks to the left. I made a very fine cannon carriage pointing toward apartment. When Radcliff appeared, he had two pairs of binoculars around his neck, one pair a newly plundered German suit as big as a case of whiskey bottles. I told him I wanted to shoot for that house where we were then killing the pig. Radcliff loved the idea. We singled out the house with heavy use of the binoculars.

Three more children out in the yard. Then they all went in. Two men came out of the back of the house. I recognized the drunkard from the other afternoon. I helped Radcliff fix the direction of the cannon. We estimated the altitude we needed to get down there. Rad-



clerk put the M-60 in the breech with its fuse standing out of the hole. I dropped the flashlight battery on. I hit the fuse. We backed off. The M-60 started off dangerously, smoke rose, but my concentration was on that perfecter house over there. I brought the binoculars up. We waited six or seven seconds. I heard a great awful wallop on tin. "We've hit him on the first try, the first try!" I yelled. Radcliff was ecstatic. "Right on his roof!" We bolstered up the back carriage. Radcliff remembered the correct height of the cannon exactly. So we fired it, loaded it, lit it, and backed off. The battery landed on the roof, flat, again, louder. I looked to see if there wasn't a great dent or hole in the roof. I could not understand why my men weren't peering out of the front from that house. We shot the magazine again and again, and always our battery hit the tin roof. Sometimes there was only a dull thud but other times there was a wild distress of tin. I was still looking through the binoculars, amazed that the men weren't even come out of those house to see what was hitting their roof. Radcliff better say to me better than me. I looked over at him and he had the large German braces much looser than I did. He was looking straight through the conflict, which was all bare and open with nothing left but rotten stables. "What we've been hitting is the roof of that house at all the side of the tracks. Whole people live in there," he said.

I took up my binoculars again. I looked around the yard of that white wooden house on this side of the tracks, almost next to the railroad. When I found the tin roof, I saw four mudflap doors in it. I saw one of our batteries lying in the middle of a sack of coal. I took the binoculars down into the yard and saw a blonde middle-aged woman looking our way.

"Somebody's coming up toward us. He's from that house and he's got, I think, some sort of fancy gun with him. It might be an automatic weapon."

I ran my binoculars all over the cornfield. There, in a tree with the house, I saw him. He was coming our way but having some trouble with the rows and dead stalks of the cornfield.

"That is just a boy like an. All he's got is a soapstone with him," I told Radcliff. I had recently got in the school board, playing drums, and had seen all the world learn that made up a hand.

I watched that boy with the soapstone through the binoculars until he was ten feet from us. This was Quashberry. His name was Art, short for Arthur. His shoes were foot-square wads of mud from the cornfield. When he saw us across the fence and above him, he stuck out his arm in my direction.

"My dad says stop it."

"We weren't doing anything," says Radcliff.

"Radcliff says the ankle pull up from here. Dad has a hamburger."

"A what?"

"It's a headache from indigestion. You're lucky he does. He's picked up the police to stop on you, but he can't move further the way he had it."

"What's your name? You're not in the head," I said, focusing on the soapstone.

"It's Art Quashberry. Why do you keep looking at me through the binoculars?"

It was because he was odd, with his hair and his white socks, and his Arab nose, and now, his name. Add to that the soapstone.

"My dad's a doctor at the college. Mother's a musician. You better quit what you're doing. . . . I was out practicing in the garage. I saw one of those dog-eared butlers roll off the roof. Could I see what you shoot 'em with?"

"No," said Radcliff. There he said: "If you'll play that horn."

Quashberry stood out three feet below us in the field, sherry, feet and pants booted with black mud, and at his short the slings, very complex, raised him.

Quashberry began sucking and licking the road. I didn't care much for this act, and there was too much desperate earnestness in his face when he began playing. That was why I chose the drums. One had to measure himself like such's revenge with a horn. But what Quashberry was playing was pleasant and intimate. I was sure it was advanced, and there was no remembering as from the other eleven-year-olds on sax in the band room. He made the end with a clean upward rift, beating the first note back, pure and unwavering.

"Good!" I called to him.

Quashberry was trying to move out of the mudmen row toward us, but his heavy shoes were impeding him.

"Sounded like a duck. Sounded like a girl duck," said Radcliff, who was lowering down and packing a mudball around one of the M-60s. I saw and I was so uncomfortable, because I did nothing. Radcliff lit the fuse and heaved the mudball over the fence. An M-60 in a very serious foreground: it is like the charge they set to shoot up those spurs on hundred feet on July Fourth at country clubs. It went off, that one, even bigger than most M-60s.

When we looked over the fence, we saw Quashberry all weak spots and fragments of stalks. He was carrying the soapstone of his hands with both hands. Then I saw there was blood pouring out of it, around, his right eye. I thought he was bleeding directly out of his eye.

"Quashberry?" I called.

He turned around and never said a word to me until I was within. He walked back holding his eye and staggering through the cornfield. Radcliff had him in the binoculars. Radcliff was trembling . . . but not crying.

"His mother just screamed. She's running out in the field to get him."

I thought we'd blinded him, but we hadn't. I thought the Quashberry would get the police or call my father, but they didn't. The upshot of this is that Quashberry had a permanent white space next to his right eye, a spot that looked like a tiny spot of snow.

I went from sixth through half of twelfth grade ignoring him and that wound. I was coming on as a drummer, and a boxer, and if Quashberry happened to appear within fifty feet of me and my most tender, intimate sweetheart, I would duck out. Quashberry grew up just like the rest of us. His father was still a doctor—a professor of history—at the town college; his mother was still a housewife, and a musician. She was organist at an Episcopalian church in Jackson, the big cathedral only ten miles east of us.

As for Radcliff, he still had no ear for music, but he was there, my buddy. He was repentant about Quashberry, although not so much as I. He'd thrown the mud grenade over the fence only to see what would happen. He had not really wanted to maim. Quashberry had played his tune on the sax, Radcliff had played his tune on the mud grenade. It was just a shame they happened to cross talents.

Radcliff went into a long period of nearly nothing after he gave up violent explosives. Then he trained himself to copy the comic strips, Steve Canyon to *Howdy Doogie*, until he became quite a versatile caricatured

with some very provocative new faces and bodies that were performing intricately. He could never fill in the speech balloons with the exact words they needed. Sometimes he would pencil in "GAS" or "WELL?" in the empty speech places. I saw him a great deal. Rodriguez was not spoozied by Quashbery. He even once asked Quashbery what his opinion was of his future as a professional. Quashbery said Rodriguez that if he took his clothes and stuffed himself with them he would make an interesting dead man. After that, Rodriguez was shy of him too.

When I was a senior we had an extraordinary band. Word was we had outplayed all the big A.A.A. drum-and-bass bands last April in the state contest. Then came news that a new Marley-sophisticate player was coming into the band as first chair. This person had spent summers in Vermont in music camps, and he was coming in with us as for the concert season. Our director, a lovable aesthete named Ralph Pender, was telling us in a proud silent moment that the boy was joining us in the second night. The effort was that everybody should push over a seat or two and make room for this boy and his talent. I was amazed. Here I'd been with the band and had kept half of the talent, except the whole percussion. I could play guitar, I could play drums and didn't even really need to be here. I could be in Vermont too, give me a plate and a bass. I looked at the kid on first axis, who was going to be supplanted tomorrow. For two years he had thought he was the star, and now suddenly enters this boy who's three times better.

The new boy was Quashbery. He came in, but he was weak, and when he traveled he put his head almost on the floor, bending over trying to be inconspicuous. The girls in the band thought he was handsome, but Quashbery refused and kept himself in such hiding among the sax section that he was neither handsome, ugly, cute, or anything. What he was was pretty near invisible, except for the ball of his hair, the all-around crown, the Arabian nose, the lower lip, the white teeth, the white ends of his fingers, the giant red punch on his face, and butt Quashbery, knowing the way in a private dignified way.

I was dumbfounded because of what came out the end of his hair. He was more than what Pender had told us he would be. But Quashbery was not a person of a bad arrangement of Remy's Bolero with us to the state contest. Quashbery would do the saxophone solo. He would switch to alto sax, he would be the shy Mouth. When he played, I heard the musicians. I heard the horn section breathe, he heard the rest of the band breathe. It could sound like the murmuring of a field singer, and then it could get up into impossibly careless beauty, it could get among musicians before them around Saturn. I already loved Bolero for the constant drum. The percussion was always in there, driving along with the steadily increasing triplets, sixteens, sixteens, at last outplayed and trying to steal the whole show from the horns and the others. I knew a large boy with dirty blond hair, name of Wyatt, who played viola in the Jackson Symphony and saxophone in our band—some of the rare cold transmutations of my time—who was forever claiming to have discovered the central Bolero was Sunday afternoon over FM radio as he had seven distinct sexual moments with a certain El, girl distant with black legs and skin the moonlight, while the rest of the band—Ravel carried on and on in the vicinity of Spanish air. It was agreed by all the army in the band that Bolero was exactly the place to make the hard note—now especially as we had Quashbery, who made his walk into the

piano like an actual lean Spanish bandit. This boy could kill his horn. He was, as I had suspected, a genius. His solo was not quite the same as the New York Phil's saxophone's, but it was better. It came in and was with it. It entered my spine and, I felt sure, went up the spine of the girls. I had almost dreamed myself playing drums in the most famous rock and jazz band in the state. It could have been the value that went through and out that horn. It sounded like a very beautiful forty-year-old man, a man who had had his bow in his hands a long time.

The next time I saw Quashbery up close, in fact the first time I had seen him up close once we were drums and he was kneeling in the corridor, was in late February. I had only three classes this last semester, and went up to the band room often, to laud and complain and keep up my trash on the drums. Pender let me keep my set in one of the instrument rooms, with a separate throne over it, and I would drag it out to the practice room and while away. Sometimes a group of sophomores would come up and I would make them marvel, whaling away as if not only deaf but blind to them, although I wasn't at all. If I saw a sophomore get up with emotional hot or fire, I would use musical technique. I would know where he was in a world of music. I would be threatening. Buddy Rich and Sam Mervin. But this time when I went into the instrument room, there was Quashbery on one side, and, back in a dark corner, a small ninth-grade sophomore player whose face was as white as the title boy was weeping and grunting at the same time.

"Quashbery," the boy said softly. Quashbery drew upon him like a demon. He grabbed the boy's collar, squeezed his face, and yanked his arm behind him in a mercurial violent grip, the one that made them haul on TV. Then the boy broke it and slumped Quashbery in the lips and ran across to my side of the room. He said "Quashbery" softly across and jumped for the door. Quashbery pounced across the room and tackled him on the throat. Now that the boy was under him, Quashbery pounded the back of his head with his fist made like a mallet. The boy kept calling him "Quashbery" throughout this. He had not learned his lesson. The boy seemed to be going into convulsions, so I stepped over and tackled Quashbery, holding him to the wall and shouting at him. I told the boy, who seemed on out into the band room. But once more the boy looked back with a bruised grin, name "Quashbery." Quashbery made a move toward him, but I blocked it.

"Why are you standing up on this title?" I said. Quashbery was sweating and his eyes were wild with hate, his face a few inches now, though less. He was, at six feet tall, bigger than me.

"He kept calling me Quashbery."

"What?" I asked.

"I care," Quashbery said, and left me standing there.

When we were to play at Midlake College Auditorium for the concert. It was April. We got on the buses, a few took their cars, and were a big team going out there. In Jackson was only a twenty-minute ride. The director, Pender, followed the bus in his Volkswagen. There was a thick fog. A flashing ambulance, making the lanes, piled into him head on. Pender, who I would imagine was thinking of Bolero and hearing the young horn volume in his head—perhaps he was dwelling on Quashbery's spectacular gray entrance, or perhaps he was meditating on the percussion section, of which I was the king—poised into the arms of hand-over-hand. We were

told by the student director as we set up on the stage. The student director was a senior from the town college, very much affected, almost to the point of drooping, by a love and respect for Dick Pender, and now affected by a heartbreaking esteem for his ghost. As we were we.

I loved the tough and tender director immensely and never knew it until I found myself hawking along with all the rest of the boys of the percussion. I told them to keep setting up, keep tuning, keep screwing the stands together, keep looking in the kettle-drum. "You just quit and have seemed a betrayal to Pender. I caught some girl classmates trying to flee the stage and so have their girl. I told them to get the hell back to their section." They stayed me. Then I found the student director. I had to have my say.

"Look. I say we just play Bolero and junk the rest. That's our house. We can't play anything else and that's what's our house. We'll never make it through them. And they're too happy."

"We aren't going to play anything," he said. "Man, to play is stinky. Did you ever hear Pender play piano? Do you know what a cool man he was in all things?"

"We play. He got to ready, and we play."

"Man, you can't play any more than I can drink. You're feeling your face out. Look out there at the rest of them. Man, it's a very winning look."

"What's wrong? Why aren't you pulling this crowd together?" This was Quashbery, who had come up urgently. "I get those little brains in my section sitting down, but we're not people climbing the stairs, little little brains sitting down here."

"I'm not directing," said the mounted college man.

"Then get out of here. You're weak, weak!"

"Man, we've got ten-seconds in rain here, we've got seven. Nobody can—"

"You stand. You number. Weak out on us."

"Man. I."

Quashbery was already up on the podium, shaking his ass.

"We're right here! The band is right here! Tell your friends to get back in their seats. We're doing Bolero. Just put Bolero up and start tuning. I'm directing. I'll be right here in front of you. You look at me! Don't you dare quit on Pender. Don't you dare quit on us. You've got to be heard. I've got to be heard. Pender is behind me. I've heard. I am the star, and I say we sit down and blow."

And so we did. We all turned and were bending low for the advent into Bolero, though we couldn't believe that Quashbery was going to remain with his nose-piece strapped to him and conduct us as well as play sax solo. The judges, who apparently hadn't heard about Pender's death, walked down to their balcony desks.

One of them called out "Ready" and Quashbery's head was instantly up in the air, his fingers rock-hard as if around the stem of something like a torch. This was not Pender's way, but it had to be. We went into the number cleanly and Quashbery co-ordinated it in the conducting. He kept his face, that look of hostility, at the reader and the trumpet. I was glad to be able to stand around me and the percussion boy that. But I must have known we would be constant and talented because I was the king there. As for the others, the soloists especially, he was warning them into existence. Pender had never put quite this from them. Boys become men and girls become women in Quashbery's way through Bolero. I even saw a girl who had better of a man myself, though Quashbery did not look my

way. When he turned around toward the people in the auditorium to enter on his solo, I knew it was my baby. I and the drums were the musicians. That was my trouble. It was talent to keep the restlessness taking around any given chance of a wind.

But this keeps me's most accepted and I have to idea what Quashbery sounded like in his act role. All I know is that he looked grief-stricken and pale, and small. Sweat had popped out on his forehead. He bent over extremely. He was wearing the red brass instrument jacket and black pants, black hair at the throat, just like the rest of us. In this outfit he bent over his horn almost out of sight. For a moment, before I could the glint of his hair through the mask stands, I thought he had pushed forward off the stage. He went down so far to do his second solo drum, his conductor's stick had disappeared so quickly, I didn't know but what he was having a seizure.

When Bolero was over, the audience stood up and made most out of their hands applauding. The judges themselves applauded. The band stood up, bowing again, for Pender and because we had done so well. The student director rushed out crying to embrace Quashbery, who studied him with his dripping shoulders.

The crowd was still dripping instantly. I wanted to see Quashbery myself. I had to get to him, though, through the low line, over the white barrier. Here was the first-chair clarinetist who had done his last like an angel; he sat close to the podium and could hear Quashbery.

"Was Quashbery good?" I asked him.

"Are you kidding? That's the best I've ever seen, they're for how good he was. He was too good. I'll never touch my clarinet again!" The clarinetist held the piece of his hair into their case like underwear and a toothbrush.

I found Quashbery putting the sections of his alto in the velvet holder of his case.

"Heaven," I said. "Rip damn kidney for you."

Aiden was smiling too, showing a lot of teeth. I had never seen him smile so. He knew he had pulled off a monster achievement.

"Tip him," the man said. "Look at him. I had the ball of the horn almost stuck in his face."

There was a woman of about thirty sitting in the first row of the auditorium. She wore a sundress with a dramatic cleavage up front; looked like something that once survived a fire. She was looking at Quashbery to death with her face. She was still remembered by Quashbery. She blew on him with a stare and there was moisture in her cleavage.

"You played well?"

"Well? Play well, Yes."

He was trying not to look at her directly. Look at out, I beckoned to her with full face. I was the drums. She arose and left.

"I was walking downhill in a valley, it was all down. I said Quashbery. 'Amazing music, a miracle was playing my boys.' He looked his ass case. 'I feel sorry for not being able to cry like the rest of them look at them. Look at them crying.'"

True, the children of the band were still weeping, shaking around the stage. Several men and kids had come up to him and the percussion boy that. But the motion of grief and superb music had been unbearable.

A girl in tears appeared next to Quashbery. She was a majestic in football season and played third-chair sax during the concert season. Not five minutes later several of them showed up. I even saw a girl who had better of a man myself, though Quashbery did not look my

sharpened to her own beauty, the pride of her legs in the majorette outfit—and had taken out her younger sister, a second-rate version of her and a wretched connoisseur of music whose several of us made a hobby out of prying. Well, here was Lillian herself crying in Quadberry's face. She told him that she'd run off the stage when she heard about Prender, dropped her horn and everything, and had thrown herself into a tavern on the street and drunk two beers quickly for some kind of relief. But she had come back through the front doors of the auditorium and sat down, dizzy with beer, and seen Quadberry, the miraculously way he had gone on with Bolero. And now she was eaten up by feelings of guilt, weakness, cowardice.

"I didn't even see you," said Quadberry.

"Please forgive me. Tell me to do something to make up for it."

"Don't breathe my way, then. You've got beer all over your breath."

"I want to talk to you."

"Take my horn case and go out, get in my car, and wait for me. It's the ugly Plymouth in front of the school bus."

"I know," she said.

Lillian stood, then leaved lightly, with the rather pensive drive of her carriage, with the vases full of crimson roses, picked up Quadberry's horn case and her own and walked off the stage.

I told the percussion boys to wrap up the packing into my suitcase I put my own gear and also managed to slip down keys, two pairs of brushes, a two-pedal Turkish spinet, a Gretsch snare drum that I desired for my collection, a wood block, kettledrum mallets, a tuning harp, and a score sheet of Bolero full of marginal notes I'd written down straight from the mouth of Dick Prender, thinking I might want to look at the score sheet sometime in the future when I was having a fit of nostalgia as I am having right now as I write this. I had never done any serious studying before, and I was stealing for my art. Prender was dead, the band had done its last thing of the year. I was a senior. Things were finished at the high school. I was just looking at a sliding ship I could hardly lift the suitcase. As I was pushing it across the stage, Quadberry was there again.

"You can ride back with me if you want to."

"But you've got Lillian."

"Please ride back with me . . . us. Please."

"Why?"

"To help me get rid of her. Her breath is full of beer. My father always had that breath. Every time he was tipsy, he had that breath. And she looks a great deal like my mother." We were interrupted by the Tuspele band director. He put his belt on against Quadberry's arm.

"You were big with Bolero, son, but that doesn't mean you own the stage."

Quadberry climbed the end of the staircase and helped me with it out to the steps behind the auditorium. The buses were gone. There sat his ugly silver Plymouth; it was a faded, exp. experimental shade from the Chrysler people. Lillian was sitting in the front seat waiting her skirt and how to, her seat off.

"Are you going to ride back with me?" Quadberry said to me.

"I think I would spoil something. You never saw her when she was a majorette. She's not stupid, either. She likes to show it off a little, but she's not stupid. She's in the Mustang Club."

"My father has a doctorate in history. She smells of beer."

I said, "She drink two cans of beer when she heard about Prender."

"There are a lot of other things to do when you hear about death. What I did, for example. She ran away. She fell in pieces."

"She's waiting for us," I said.

"One damned thing I am never going to do is drink."

"I've never seen your mother up close, but Lillian doesn't look like your mother. She doesn't look like anybody's mother."

I rode with them silently to Clinton. Lillian made no bones about being disappointed I was in the car, though she said nothing. I knew it would be like this and I hated it. Other girls in town would not be as unhappy that I was in the car with them. I looked for frown in Lillian's face and neck and hair, but there weren't any. Couldn't there be a mole, an enlarged pore, too much gum on a tooth, a single awkward hair around the ear? No. Memory, the whole lying opera of it, is killing me now. Lillian was frail and honest, even smiling, even and especially in the white man's shirt and the bow tie clamping together her collar, when she knew her uncomfortable bosom, her poor nipples.

"Don't take me back to the kind room. Turn off leave and let me off at my house," I said to Quadberry. He didn't turn off.

"Don't tell Auden what to do. He can do what he wants to," said Lillian, ignoring me and speaking to me at the same time. I couldn't hear her hatred. I asked Quadberry to please just stop the car and let me out here, wherever he was: this front yard of the middle house would do. I was so nervous that he stamped the car. He handed back the keys and I dropped my suitcase out of the trunk, then flung the keys back at him and kicked the car to get it going again.

My band came together in the summer. We were the Big Fawns . . . that was our name. Two of them were from Ole Miss, our home player was from Memphis State, but when we got together this time, I didn't call the team us, who went to Mississippi Southern, because Quadberry wanted to play with us. During the school year the college boys and I fell into minor groups to pick up twenty dollars on a weekend, playing dances for the Moose Lodge, medical-student fraternities in Jackson, teen-age recreation centers in Greenwood, and such as that. But come summer we were the Big Fawns again, and the prize for us went up to \$1,500 a gig. Where they wanted the best rock and pop and they had some heard, we were called. The summer after I was a senior, we played in Atlanta, Louisiana, and Arkansas. Our fame was pretty well there on the interstate roads.

That was the summer that I made myself deaf.

Years ago Prender had invited down an old friend from a high school in Michigan. He asked me over to meet the friend, who had been a drummer with Slim Kerwin at one time and was now a band director just like Prender. This fellow was almost totally deaf and he worried me very anxiously about deafing myself. He said there would come a point when you had to lean over and concentrate all your hearing on what the band was doing and that was the time to quit for a while, because if you didn't you would be irreversibly deaf. This time in a month or two, I noticed to him but could not take him seriously. Here was an athletic man who had had problems. My ears had ages of hearing left. Not so. I played the drums as long the summer after I graduated from high school that I made myself, eventually, stone-deaf.

We were at, say, the Na- (Continued on page 158)



GREAT FACES AND FEW WORDS—The first in a series by Henry Wolf

Q. You're Jose Hithcock and you're twenty and you work all day mowling, right? What do you do when you get home? A. Change clothes, spend time with my daughter,

find out what's for dinner. Q. Did you mind posing like this? A. I wouldn't do it for money, but I wanted to do one beautiful—but not sexy—nude while I'm still in my prime.

Cuba On Our Mind

by Tad Szulc

Like the goat in the ear of the ox, Cuba plagues America with a mighty pestiferation. Except, of course, in Miami

In November, 1961, seven months after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, President John F. Kennedy invited me to the Oval Office at the White House for a private conversation about future United States policies toward Premier Fidel Castro. I had covered the April invasion from Miami as a correspondent for The New York Times and I had been highly critical in print of the whole enterprise. Now, the President said, he would welcome some constructive ideas. We chatted for a while about Cuba, then Kennedy leaned forward in his rocking chair and asked a question of me:

"What would you think if I ordered Castro to be executed?"

I replied this is a virtually verbatim quotation of his words (one doesn't make notes at a private meeting with the President) and I remember being completely taken aback. I also recall hurrying out a long sentence to the effect that I was against political assassination as a matter of principle and that, anyway, I doubted this would solve the Cuban problem for the U.S.

Kennedy leaned back in his chair, smiled, and said that he had been testing me because he was under great pressure from advisers in the Intelligence community (which he did not name) to have Castro killed, but that he himself violently opposed it on the grounds that for moral reasons the United States should never be party to political assassination. "I'm glad you feel the same way," he said.

This is the first time I am publicly recounting this conversation (the only other person present in the Oval Office was Richard N. Goodwin, then a Presidential assistant) because it stands out in my mind as an extraordinary example of the obsessive frustration and compulsions with Cuba and Cuba's threat well over a decade have permeated the United States government on the most senior levels. Nothing quite comparable has ever occurred between Americans and any other nation, near or far. The powerful United States and the little island ninety miles from home in the blue Caribbean have never been able to let go of each other. They have been set together as if in a Greek tragedy in which doom always seems impending.

To be sure, Kennedy vetoed the Castro assassination idea in 1961 after having taken full responsibility in April for the Bay of Pigs invasion. I cannot say to what extent he knew, that November, about a scheme elaborated by Military Intelligence officers soon after the Bay of Pigs (and of which I was vaguely aware at the time) to kill Castro and his brother Raul, the Deputy Premier and Defense Minister, using Cuban

marksmen who were to be infiltrated into Cuba from the United States Naval base at Guantanamo on the island's southwest coast. Perhaps this is what he had in mind when he talked to me.

Hearing Kennedy's rejection of assassination plots proposed to him by the Washington Intelligence community, I naturally assumed that no such thing would ever happen. In fact the Eisenhower Administration turned down in 1960 the recommendation of a C.I.A. operative to kill Castro.

But as I was to learn much later, the Central Intelligence Agency, presumably acting with President Lyndon Johnson's authority (unless it was another disavowal of responsibility), set in motion in late 1964 and 1965 a new secret plan to combine Castro's assassination with a second invasion of the island by Cuban exiles from bases located this time in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Some infiltrators were to be trained in the Dominican Republic. Guatemala had been the site of training in 1959 and 1961.

The new invasion was to be on a smaller scale than the Bay of Pigs. The scenario was to bring ashore some 750 armed Cubans at the crucial moment when Castro would be dead and inevitable chaos had developed. It was an incredibly wild scheme because the resolution of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, which brought the U.S. and the Soviet Union to the brink of nuclear confrontation, was based in part on Washington's commitment to let Castro live.

The existence of the assassination plot, hatched by the C.I.A. in Paris and Madrid, was disclosed by the Cuban government in March, 1966, after the deposed garrison—a bearded Cuban physician and former Cuban Revolutionary Army major named Rolando Cubela—was arrested in Havana following investigations by Castro's counterintelligence agents, who had become suspicious of him.

Actually, the whole assassination-invasion plan had to be shelved when a rebellion unexpectedly erupted in the Reemense Republic in April, 1962, and President Johnson, fearful of "another Cuba," sent U.S. troops to invade that country. The Cuban scheme could not be pursued, and Cubela and his associates were left high and dry in Havana to be finally executed in February, 1966, along with a small arsenal of weapons, including an FAL automatic rifle equipped with telescopic sights and a submachine gun provided by the C.I.A. for Castro's planned assassination. Cubela was sentenced to death, but Castro commuted the sentence to a lengthy prison term.

Cuban revolutionaries in 1966 about the Cubela plot had

little international impact at the time. First, the best of my knowledge, the plan for the simultaneous second invasion—known by the code name of "Second Naval Guerrilla"—have never been publicly revealed. I doubt that even Castro had learned much about them, much as Cubela's knowledge was apparently confined only to his end of the broader plan.

The Central American crisis was dislodged into it. In May, 1964, when the Dominican crisis consumed Washington that this was not a propitious time for a new Cuban adventure. Besides, we were already deeply involved in Vietnam. The blueprint for the "Second Naval Guerrilla" was probably quietly filed away in the archives of the C.I.A.'s clandestine-operation division. My information, based on recent interviews with men who participated in this project, is that during a period of about six months in 1964 and 1965, the C.I.A. disbursed \$750,000 monthly for the operation and that some \$2,000,000 in these funds remains unaccounted for. Subsequently, there were mysterious shoot-outs and deaths among Miami Cubans involved in the ill-fated invasion.

Also in 1964, like Cuban pilots, veterans of the Bay of Pigs, were sent to the Congo by the C.I.A. as instructors to fly B-26 bombers on combat missions for the U.S.-backed Congolese government then fighting a leftist rebellion. The Cubans, under contract to CARABAR in C.I.A. dummy corporations, whose initials stood for Caribbean Marine Aero Corporation, complained at the time that they were ordered to strafe and bomb villages and civilians. Nowadays, some of these pilots are in serious trouble with the law in Florida. One of them is serving an eleven-year prison sentence in Miami for traffic in cocaine and others are said to have acquired nasty criminal records. Another one has been recently charged with a killing in Miami.

And, of course, the whole tortured story has continued. We find that the same cast of characters, ranging from marquis Florida C.I.A. operatives to glib and corruptible Miami Cubans and Cuban-Americans, reappeared on the scene in 1971 and 1972 as key players in the Watergate affair. They were pushed from the pool of narrowly patriotic, restless and un-

stable Cubans who are the heritage left by the C.I.A. in Miami.

In almost every case there was the irrepressible presence of the U.I.A. veteran R. Howard Hunt Jr., the political coordinator of the Bay of Pigs under the worn de guerre of "Edwards" and the man who first recommended Castro's murder in 1950 and then helped to plan the 1965 assassination. James W. McCard Jr., associated with the 1961 invasion, the second landing operation, and the use of Cuban pilots in the Congo; and Bernard L. Barker (code name: "Madre"), who was Hunt's code in 1962, and his team of Cuban exiles first recruited for mischief on Cuba's beaches and later for dirty work in the Watergate scandal. Eusebio Martinez, one of the Watergate spies, was still on a C.I.A. release when the breakdown occurred. Barker and his Miami commandos claimed Hunt had assured them that subversion against the Nixon Administration opposed the President's reelection would hasten the "liberation" of Cuba from Castro's rule.

Cuba shed Spain's rule in 1898, but independence came only after U.S. forces landed on the island. Today, however, charged Span Juan Hill and Americans, in effect, took over the country. For all practical purposes the island was governed by a series of American procurements arranged as the so-called 1963 Platt Amendment to the Cuban constitution gave the U.S. the right to intervene in Cuba's internal affairs. United States corporations, such as the United Fruit Company, were free to acquire thousands of hectares of land for sugar plantations. The Cuban elite educated its children at U.S. colleges and universities, producing generations of Cubans whose upbringing was aimed, to say the least, and whose principal interest was not to rock the boat so that money could keep coming in.

Havana, flourishing as the playground for wealthy Americans and tourists in general, it had spectacular architecture, splendid casinos, famous beaches and every form of street prostitution and vice a visitor's heart could desire. Cuba was not a country to be taken seriously and the U.S. acted accordingly. When one thought of Cuba, what came to mind was the rumble



Illustrated by Alan Mark

and Xavier Cugat. The power centers there were the American Embassy, the offices of American sugar and mining companies, the American Club on Havana's Prado Avenue, the American-consulate, various revolutionary principalities stretching from Oriente Province to Las Villas. In the West, Americans owned the tobacco fields from whence came the leaf for the famous Cuban cigars.

To the all-powerful Americans, there were the "good old days" in Cuba, and it was crystal clear, certainly to me, that Castro harbored no illusions that the U.S. would accept his revolution. During 1959, I had two nighting discussions with him and he kept insisting that the "Yankees," his favorite word for Americans, would try to suffocate his revolution. He had visited Washington in April and met, of all people, with Nixon. But the trip only increased his suspicions. He seemed, he told me, the pressure on him at Washington to enter negotiations for economic aid. "The Yankees want to turn me into another neutral country of aid," he said and laughed explosively. "But we don't need their aid."

If the C.I.A. or others in the American government suspected militantly, covertly and diplomatically far well over a decade to destroy the Cuban revolution and thereby, thereby, to stir strong views about politics and ideologies in the U.S. During my second stay in Cuba, in mid-1960, we spent several hours at a table in the rear of Havana's Havana Hotel discussing American youth. Whatever else may be said of Castro, he must be credited, at least, with remarkable political insight and instinct not only about his own people but about Americans as well. The long decades of intimacy, intimacy as it was, between Cuba and the U.S. inevitably helped Castro, a highly intuitive man, to develop his insight about us.

Two things are bound to happen in the United States, Castro was telling me as he toyed with his brandy glass and chipped on a long, white cigar. The first one would be major uprisings by blacks. The second event would be a violent recombination of the American youth. All this, Castro said, was historically predictable. And he made no secret of his desire to be as helpful as possible in these causes without, he added caustically, "violating the sovereignty" of the U.S. He was, of course, proved right in the space of only a few years. In black and white, in fact, in fact, in fact, and as the new American generation did become radicalized to an even greater degree than he had predicted. And Castro also was not happy.

In the area of black unrest and search for consciousness the Cuban influence was at best marginal—if even that. Radio Havana broadcast a daily Radio Free Dixie program in English for about a year around 1964 denouncing "Mr. Water" and similar. Castro played host for a while to Robert Williams and Eldridge Cleaver after the election, but he made sure that they never got out of hand. Cleaver was a matter of fact, I felt, imprisoned in Havana: he was always under surveillance and the Cubans kept him politically on a very short leash. As far as I can tell, Radio Free Dixie had virtually no impact on black militants at large who had no need for inspiration from Cuba.

On the other hand, Castro and the Cuban revolution were significant elements in the American youth radicalization between the mid-1960s and the early 1970s. Castro and Che Guevara became cult heroes on American campuses—the white youth did not support them. Leaders of the whole Cuban experience played an important role in this process of politicization. "Liberation Fronts" for every conceivable cause

emerged all over the country in an imitation of Cuban revolutionary tactics, young men grew beards and sported Indian and black berets to be "the Fidel" and every self-respecting young revolutionary knew all about Sierra Maestra, how the guerrillas defeated Batista, imposed a land reform and expelled the predatory American business interests. Castro was helped in all this readiness to the extent of visit—-but very selectively—-young Americans to visit his island. Over the years, several thousands came as part of "Volunteer Brigades" (from the Castro slogan, *Venceremos*, We Shall Win) to test agriculture, harvest vegetables and be exposed to a reasonable amount of anti-imperialist propaganda.

Little incidentally, the U.S. government took these voyages with extraordinary reserve, almost equal to Castro's own concern with the infiltration of C.I.A. agents into Cuba. Because the high point of American elegance to Cuba coincided with a wave of violence and banditism in the country, the inevitable conclusion was that the young men and women had been receiving guerrilla training from the Cubans. In the eyes of quite a few top law-enforcement officers, little Cuba suddenly appeared as a subversive threat to the stability of the United States. Although a number of apprehensions had been sensed by Americans who visited Cuba as well as some of those still being sought by the F.B.I., no hard evidence was ever developed to link their activities at home with any guerrilla training in Cuba. For one thing, I suppose, Castro did not care more than to provide the U.S. with an excuse to persecute.

I do believe, however, that our domestic bombers were inspired by the Cuban revolutionary experience, which is something else altogether. Testimony in the Watergate hearings brought out admissions from Nixon Administration witnesses that the violence between 1969 and 1971 had convinced law-enforcement agencies that foreign powers, including Cuba, were behind it and that a conspiracy was afoot to subvert the United States.

The next steps were the "plankers" and then Watergate. There was testimony that fears had developed that Castro was secretly financing the *Revolutionary Campaign*—about as the idea would have been from both Castro's and McGovern's viewpoints—and word was spread that the Cuban Embassy would make peace with Fidel if he were elected to replace Nixon. In this incredible vicious circle involving Cuban and American desires, Cuban adventures in Miami were recruited for subversive operations at home against what some people at power here wanted to use as a threat, partly coming from Cuba, to the survival of American institutions.

In July, I went to Miami to reacquaint myself with the city and the people I knew so well in 1961 and afterward, in the midst of the feverish atmosphere of anti-Castro conspiracy, secret raids and guerrilla planning. This time, I discovered, the roles had come to turn with themselves and their lot, having set up households and businesses and sent their children to American schools. They no longer really expected to return to Cuba (except, possibly, to die at home) despite a residual child hope that Castro may yet go away, after all. Young Cubans set and think American, have made the psychological transition to the American environment.

There still are tiny terrorist groups pledged to forms of anti-Castro warfare and periodically they bomb Cuban exhibits and study centers in the U.S. and

Cuba. In March, 1975, for instance, a bomb exploded in the New York offices of the Center for Cuban Studies, a library specializing in materials on revolutionary Cuba. Late in July, another bomb went off in a Times Square building where Pepe Cacho, an exhibition marking the twentieth anniversary of Castro's first uprising, was being put together.

In general, however, the Miami Cubans tend to their own lives and, in fact, I found the community quite disturbed by Watergate because it seemed to give all Cubans a bad name.

In checking bank records, I discovered that the Miami Watergate Defendants Relief Fund had managed to collect only about \$5,000 by the end of March for the four imprisoned Miami-based raiders (there were no collections for McCord, the fifth raider, because his home is in suburban Washington and he is free on bail) notwithstanding the affluence of the community. "We don't want any part of it," a Cuban businessman who once fought against Castro told me in disgust. The tiny Miami fund, then, was in wild contrast with the \$384,000 the White House secretly delivered to the convicted conspirators (including Hunt, McCord and G. Gordon Liddy), their families and attorneys. In fact, there are reasons to suspect that most of the \$5,000 actually came from Washington and that the fund itself was a cover-up dummy operation.

In the Summer of 1975, Cuban Miami was as tranquil and placid as any Latin community ever was anywhere. Cubans, as other Latins, believe in the importance of human solid around them. Cuban Miami's thematic sense, therefore, is the steady high-fidelity flow of Spanish conversations in the streets, homes, stores, restaurants and bars, supplemented by the background of Spanish-language radio and television broadcasts coming from sets tuned up to Mexican radio. Huge billboards all over town show a Cuban family (typically large) and the lettering proclaims that "We all listen to Latin Americans," which is the name of one of the community broadcasting stations. And, indeed, they do.

When Cubans first began establishing themselves in Miami after the Castro take-over, people talked, a bit

pathetically, about the "Little Havana" the refugees set up in the city's inexpensive Southwest area. It was a little quaint and a little amusing, what with Spanish-language signs sprouting everywhere and the Cubans starting little restaurants to serve *arroz con frijoles*, roasted porks, enormous Cuban sandwiches and other metropolitan specialties from the island.

Today, however, nobody in Miami is patronizing about the Cubans. They are an important force in the area and they are the leaders of the steadily growing Latin community in Florida. The Cubans alone, some 104,000 of them, now represent one quarter of the total population of Dade County. Then, too, there are approximately 50,000 legal residents from Puerto Rico and from a number of Latin-American countries (Colombians are the biggest group) and an estimated 15,000 "deports," that is, Latins without official authorization to live in the U.S. With about 50,000 Latin-American visitors all times in Miami, it is assumed that the total Spanish-speaking population of Dade is around one half million.

"Little Havana" of the early Sixties has grown into a Cuban city covering an hundred and thirty blocks of Cubans living around fifteen streets and forty avenues in the Southwest. But, in recent years, they have spilled out of the Southwest into most other Miami areas, from Coral Gables to Miami Beach, and as far north as Hialeah where industry offers Cubans attractive jobs.

Nearly fifteen years after Castro's ascent to power in Cuba, the exiled Cubans have built an extraordinarily affluent community. The measure of this success is that now only 35,000 Miami Cubans, about ten percent of the refugees here, still require U.S. assistance. Of this number, as well as, \$2,000,000 a year, and the balance are under general assistance programs. This is probably a better performance than any other group in the country can claim. Consequently, the Cuban Refugee Program, administered by H.E.W., has begun to phase out, almost of complete termination in less than four years.

What the Cuban refugees have created in Florida is a hardworking, middle-class society. There are Cuban physicians and lawyers. (Continued on page 175)



Pioneering spirit, enterprising character, purple mountain majesties be damned! Sorry, Alistair Cooke, those things are swell but America's true greatness lies in a million little goodies nobody sings about but **Esquire**.

For instance...



... The best, most beautiful stewardesses in America are in Dallas, at Southwest Airlines. Official company requirements: "shapely calves, good thighs," superior F.A.A. exam scores.

Consider the soft pretzel: doughy and salty and tastiest with mustard. The best anywhere are from Philadelphia, where the soft pretzel was, in fact, born.

Photographed by Neil Gribben





Hunting for antiques is best in **St. Louis**. Imagine: six permanent flea markets (five more on weekends), seventy-five weekend sales, ten bazaars, fifteen auctions, over two hundred shops—like this one, *Ultra Alternate*. And God save **Detroit**, home of America's best ginger ale, Vernors, which ages its extract four years. The taste is light, carbonation perfect!



The best symphony orchestra going right now is the Chicago Symphony; the man who makes it go is conductor Georg Solti. Mahler's *Fifth* is the act to catch. So forget your fruited plain, America, and look to your own backyard—your concert halls, alleys, neighborhood shops. Your pursuit of happiness starts here.



The Best of America

Before you quit your present job and move to Philly for its pretzels, or to Detroit for its ginger ale, take a fast look around the corner. If you live in Kansas City, Missouri, count your blessings with Wolferman's English muffins, the best in the U.S., so thick and fluffy you can—and should—tear them open with your fingers. If you live in Cincinnati, thumb your nose at the rest of the world over a bowl of Skyline four-way chili: spicy beef sauce on spaghetti, heaped with cheese, chopped onions, and beans. If you live in New York, try the best chocolate cake in God's creation, only at The Coach House on Waverly Place.

The point, Mr. and Mrs. America, is this: It's all out there waiting for you, no matter where you are. The trick, as always, is knowing where to look. Well, *Esquire* is about to give you directions. The following pages are a guide to what's really good about America, the best little things you can find in sixteen major cities and their suburbs. There are picnic grounds, jukeboxes, free bar snacks, piano teachers, golf courses, fishin' holes, tobacco shops, and a dozen more goodies that will make your day a good deal sweeter. So leave your worries on your doorstep, turn the page, and take notes on the Best of America.

Esquire's Best of America Correspondents

San Francisco Staff of *The S.F. Bay Guardian*
Los Angeles Gary Cohen
Seattle Robert B. Hinz
Dallas Deric Evans
Minneapolis/St. Paul John Carman
Kansas City, Mo. Wilford C. Reed
St. Louis Paul A. Camp
New Orleans Louis de la Foret

Chicago Laura Green
Cincinnati Sandy Wilson
Detroit Anne Warner
Miami Gerrie Vician
Washington, D.C. Phyllis C. Richman
Philadelphia Elizabeth Seefeld and Joan Kron
New York Kim Schoss
Boston Geoffrey Prosser

CONSUMER REPORTS Knows What's Best for Us All

by Elin Schoen

But in the way of a bargain, mark ye, they'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair

Mark Vernon, New York, is a distinctly two-faced man. On one side of the Penn Central Railroad tracks are the velocity lanes and modestly shrouded homes of the multiple-TV, duplex-freaser set—people who are affluent and well-educated enough to want to know how to stay affluent. The kind of people who subscribe to *Consumer Reports*.

Consumers Union is on the other side of the tracks—the side with the light industry, the corner candy stores, some semi-charities and the one-floor walk-up checker of Consumers, which shares its space with the United Fund. Consumers Union is the corporate corporate parent of *Consumer Reports*, a magazine with over two million subscribers and a \$36,000,000 budget. Its forthright, comforting-yet-cautioning voice has not changed since its first issue in 1936 when it said (among many other things): "Good soap, like wine, improves with age. It will be found decidedly more economical to buy toilet soap in lots of a dozen or more cakes (prices are often much lower at special sales) and to let the soap dry out on a shelf before use. When dried out the soap dissolves away at a much slower rate."

When Betty Furman first came to Xerox Vernon and saw the Consumers Union she experienced "my biggest disappointment since the fits for an IBM 1 man, Consumers Union seemed so weak, and you expect a lot of pleasing like and then it turns out to be this funny, fairly-decent business."

Actually it's twenty-four buildings, according to the local tax department—a concrete jungle of floors and half-floors, walkways and fire walls. Some of the walls are painted real-home green, the others are the color of Roman dressing. On the second floor, outside the chemistry lab, is an eyewash fountain and a safety shower. There is no drain in the floor.

The bread-crozier in the baking, the one leading to the employees' dining room, is studded with patches of nylon pile, low-loop carpet in shades of butter-cream, wire and Rowland Johnson tapestries. These are being measured for durability. A mechanical counter ticks off how many people walk over the swatches. At breakfast the last newswriter with clock-radio, otherwise, C.U. is not a noisy place. A technician remembers working on a project for a solid month, during which nobody said a word.

The chemistry division is testing garden hoses because Dick Greenbaum, the project architect, was sure "in house" and, besides, there is a general policy of

scientists which Mark Fleeman, C.U.'s technical director, explains as "a deliberate and malicious attempt on any part to cause-furtive disruption."

They've done children's safety gels, "pressure-sensitive transparent collodion tape," diatomic ions, zippers and luggage in the textile division. And in the chemistry division, right near a highly appointed bay Saxon which is swirling blue segments under ultraviolet light (the artificial-uv-light machine is presently preoccupied with outdoor carpet samples), are atomic clouds full of gasoline cans. All the inherent drama will be missed out of these ones. They will be dropped on a concrete surface. They will be pressure-cooked in a way which determines not only how much heat it takes to pop a can but exactly which seams start to go first. They will be subjected to a panel of real live consumers who will do real-life things in them—dangle such as figuring out how to use the plastic spoons or open the latch-lever tape.

There is an arena of roast beef coming from the foods division where thermometers are being studied in hands of cooking men. The beef is also studied with thermocouples, which stay from the oven like blue spaghetti, run over a pipe on the ceiling, and disappear into Honeywell and Esterline Arcon machines whose readings don't exactly corroborate those of the meat thermometers.

The whole third floor reeks of burned toast, uncolored smudges of English muffins having recently been reduced to ashes by a couple of overzealous testers. A room full of microwave ovens, busily testing themselves, also holds the remnants of projects past—the bulk of hard dryers (only the hard-baked kind with built-in leavens), a tangle of electric-blanket testicles; a chutney-kidde oven topped by the black and shrouded coils of kites. There is a lineup of freezers stuffed with packages of Bird's Eye chopped spinach. A home-and-restaurant machine was once used to determine freezing capability, but this testing medium itself had to be tested constantly to make sure its density hadn't altered. (Spinach is much more stable.)

Downstairs, in the photo lab, an open package of frozen bananas is unspooling under floodlights on black poster board, the better to reveal—in one of the black-and-white exposures that pepper the magazine—a previous packaging deficiency. Some of the fish once hangs the rim of the box. A nest of bones, gathered from frozen fish samples, is being photocopied alongside a ruler. One bone measures two inches.

Just outside the photo lab one meets a technician

WHAT CONSUMER REPORTS LIKES

During 1973 Consumer Reports published test results on items ranging from garden hose to station wagons. C.R. put the following brands at the head of their respective classes:



TELEVISIONS
15-17" color: Sony KV1810



COMPACT CARS
Plymouth Valiant



AIR CONDITIONERS
General Electric AGA280GLA



Dodge Dart



15" black and white
Sylvania M12380WH



STATION WAGONS
Chevrolet Impala



FLY FISHING RODS
Dewey Stiles 3228S



MEDIUM-PRICE
STEREO SPEAKERS
EP 100



17" color: RCA XL100 ER475W



Plymouth Custom Suburban



MOTORBOAT-HORSEPOWER
OUTBOARD MOTORS
25-45 h.p.
Mercury Merc 400



FROZEN CHICKEN DINNERS
Banquet
Fried Chicken Dinner



ELECTRIC BLANKETS
Perry's Fashion Master



Ford Country Sedan



50 h.p.
Johnson Sea Horse 80



ELECTRONIC
MINI-CALCULATORS
Datsun TI2500

whose job it is to coordinate every six minutes between his office and fourteen writer-soffering machines, monitoring their performance. He has been doing this for four months. Once a week, he says, he goes down to a shooting range with his .357 and blasts it all out of his system.

In the bowels of the electronics division, a couple of men are sitting around assessing the clarity with which *The Faces of History*, starring Maureen O'Hara and Rex Harrison, is coming through on five separate sets.

And standing in a little room, alone save for the haze, laborating, wood-and-metal tumbler that breathes out the warm air of progress, we do, in the batteries machine. The battery machine has a great, unlearned face which registers the number of times two black steel hemispheres slam down on a surface. Repeatedly it counts the strokes, the strokes, the strokes—47,399, 47,096 and 184,480 in all, as one hundred fifty strikes a minute. This battery-shaped man, as they call it, delivers two hundred thirty-four pounds of pressure per stroke. The 200,000 grand slam approximately ten years' human sweat and tear, as did the battery machine's predecessor, a two hundred twenty-five pound roller which rummaged such matters 900,000 times. Off in a corner of the bellies lab, two men are doing certain things in the carrousel of the machine. They are looking at the air, or so I learned from paper. "How long will you be doing this?" they are asked. "Till we get bored out of our minds—and the data becomes statistically significant!"

About the only glamorous things about *Conan* are Conan: the only name-named head writer there (along with Rick Meyer, a *Mad* Nader and Jilly Furber), and the "no ability in the advertiser's director's office, and the fact that Playboy once did a centerfold in it," says "Sam Benicewicz," *Conan*'s planner in an 1980, hair-hair, comic-book-styled frame. The picture was reproduced in black and white, full size, on C.U.'s *Movie* page, with the message: "Because some of you may wish to take your copy of *Movie* home, we've printed our centerfold in such a way that you can discard it in a trash basket and not worry about your kids seeing it!"

"The Boy Scouts of Mount Vernon," someone called them. Consumer Report? accepts no advertising and manufacturers may not use a C.R. name to advertise a product. "Our readers are awfully clever about pollution," claims Charles Warren, president of C.U. since its inception. "If a lead story uses our ratings in a few pages ad, we're sure to get five copies of the paper the next day. They also send us packages of eroded coral and we're having getting bugs in jars and worms in bottles." When a manufacturer refuses C.U.'s

quest to reveal an ad involving a ruling, C U won. And they always win. They also always win when manufacturers sue them for badmouthing a product—which has happened three times since 1996.

All samples for testing are bought retail by supermarket shoppers around the country who are paid \$2.50 an hour for their services. National-brand appetizers are usually purchased in the New York area in shops-in-residence, but in the case of foods, for instance, geographical distribution is necessary to uncover or atone for the Bait's Eye frozen fish stick which were found in a supermarket's freezer after having been off the market for almost two years.

C.U. is nothing if not a conspicuous consumer—190 samples analyzed for the frozen-fish-fillet project, 212

samples of instant coffee, 6000 mg each served to over two hundred kittens for a cat-face test, six hundred pairs of seedlings tested by three hundred children (and computer-analysed afterward), eighty cases of frozen french ice freezer test.

The costs of these tests vary greatly, and each issue of the magazine contains a well-balanced mix of reports on environmental and economical costs. The food/drink division, for example, spent \$3,489 last year to test 100 different brands of bottled water for contaminants such as nitrates. The foods division, CUS's smallest and newest, also spends the most money—because many projects are farmed out to consultants who seem to spend their lives testing cottage cheese or an onion. The division's 1991 budget is \$1.2 million, up from \$1 million in 1990. The entire food/drink department (which includes the foods, chemistry, electronics, textiles, appliances and special projects divisions) operates on a \$3,008,000 annual budget. In the worst year since 1980, 1990, the department's budget was \$2,600,000, or its own microbudgetical life. The lab is not only an economy measure, but a recognition of the tolerance of growing out projects. George Pollin, head of the food/drink division, admits that costs can never be absolutely reduced. "You can't get it down to zero," he says. But he's been absolutely sure that his food products

The in-house staff is allowed to keep any products with *positive* ratings. The articles are kept for six months, then auctioned off to staff members who are still in the most part, by the book. Nobody at the store is allowed to keep any of the products. The only exception is a basketball. There was, however, the grapefruit incident—which everyone recalls. A consultant in Texas sent a case of grapefruit to the home of Martin Kaplan, former technical director. Kaplan's wife called him to work late, and he heard her crying. He went to see what was wrong, but the grapefruit would not go down. So Kaplan met with the executive director and the editorial director, and they decided to give the grapefruit to an orphanage. They got a letter of acknowledgment from the orphanage and sent it to the consultant. The next day, the grapefruit was sent again—this time to the orphanage.

C/U relationships with manufacturers are, on the whole, pleasant. They always inform the maker of a product that they have bought some samples for testing and ask if there is a newer model out or if, in fact, the product is scheduled to be discontinued. One of the more strident reader complaints involves the removal of products which C/U rates "best buys." The companies are more often caught by popular demand. Following the C/R endorsement than by sudden sales increase. And there is every indication that even getting a mention, let alone a rave, in the magazine is a very good thing for business.

So down through the years, most manufacturers have learned to live amiably with C.R. and to put on statements for public consumption involving just the right degree of machabist opacity. General Motors

"When they give good reviews to our cars, we think they're good. And when they don't, we think they're wrong," Ford. "What kind of consumer reports are you talking about? Oh, the magazine. Well, we find some statements when they rate our products. We answer questions when asked. But we don't even do that too much because it takes people of their jobs to answer questions." Randi-Stebbins (whose Chevrolet Lumina did not fare well in an in-depth exposure

*When *Consumer Reports* comes out with a rating like that it's almost ideological, but that type of publicity set

er parts us. We've had mail just pouring in from irk-fans of ours, and one person said he went out and tried all the other ice cream sampled, and now has begun to doubt Consumer Reports. Of course, they might have picked up a poor sample. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose."

Exactly as the most proud, people who work, or have worked, with C.U. tend to ascend the hierarchy:

Schwartz: "That place should be picked as a shining white armor—the bell with bells!"

And then came a free-lance C.U. member, C.U. and TV said they were off to do a film on the Pacific Northwest Indians and C.U. set up its own broadcast division. "It's probably somewhat of an anachronism in the modern world," she says, "to have an organization that cares so much. The dedication is enormous. It's like what America used to be. They're craftsmen, that's what they are. In Europe is the perfect example. I mean, he's a rare breed—really dedicated and honest and honest. I mean, if you were going to enter someone, would you not want it?"

One night a week, Ira Furman reports for auxiliary police duty in the Bronx. He carries his handcuffs with him at all times and they are not Smith & Wesson (the best brand), but Chief of Police (the best buy). On one wall of Ira's office is his son's birth announcement.

Carole and Iro,
both CONSUMERS
had a UNION

Then there is
how a CONSUMER
REPORTS
the result

MATTHEW MARC FURMAN 11/16/70 ... Length 185 inches Net Weight 3 lbs On Externally high total range Loads adequate volume motor sensor are underridefully fitted. Designed for horizontal use only; whippers for vertical play may be available next year. Choked bottom Loads heavier control; a possible inconvenience. Specially very high Loads inactivity Tends to drift off, input capability constant, but output is disappointingly unresponsive. Swags replace inferior. Company ratio unmarked immunity to front-end control understood. Pickup potential is unlimited. Company anticipates future models with substantially smaller capabilities, but possibly different design. Allow nine months for delivery.

Is it funny around C.U. for being able to pinpoint within a month the store in which any story appeared? "The household-poisons story," Oh, yeah September, Beverly-see. We wanted to show, on the cover, that red furniture polish looked like cherry soda and white polish looked like milk as we went to multiple color—one that we've done it since." But then, that is the one who sends out the press release on job—public relations. Well, director of communications. Graduate school. Director of C.U., standing outside and a little above the commercial world, it is somewhat embarrassing that they themselves sometimes actively seek... Attention.

And they've been seeking it more and more of late. In the fiscal year ending May 31, 1972, C.U.'s costs and expenses were \$13,076,603, of which \$3,367,594 was spent on the paper, printing, mailing and product-testing involved in putting out the magazine, the *American*.

Buying Guide *Issue*, and other books. And \$4,007,028 was spent on "income procurement"—that is, advertising and promotion.

He came to C.U. the same year the Teles did, in 1968. When Walker Sandback, the executive director, arrived in 1985 there was no press office at all. Walker has gotten almost as much publicity for driving a light-colored, baby-blue convertible (even as C.R. does everything possible to make convertibles a thing of the past) as he has for denuding the magazine's subscriptions. He plans to get a convertible with a roll bar the next time around.

"Before I can hurt full time," he says, "I'm commuting from Chicago one day a week and every day I would talk to the person next to me on the plane and they'd be overboarded of Consumer Reports. I've found a lot of the people who didn't know the responsibility of me. But my father, who is a retired Methodist minister—in Mount Vernon, Iowa—went around Iowa telling all his friends about his son who was going to be executive director of Consumers Union and he never found a single person who had heard of the Reports. It's not the people who don't know the Reports, it's people who ride on airplanes was disastrous to me. And so one of the things we've done is to greatly increase promotion of the magazine. Our ads in TV Guide get the best response and our direct mail. We're always doing, has really been pulling lately. Of course, we're going to have to make some changes. We can expand our facilities. We must expand and improve our layout."

Prevention is one thing. The press is quite another. Reporters are usually welcome to roam around C.U., but only when accompanied by Ira. Most reporters, after all, are not scientists. They could assume that the smell of burned meat, say, is an electric blanket with wiring trouble. They could drop a wrong statistic or call a department a division. And C.U. wants everything, always, to be precise. There is no telling what a misplaced adjective or unqualified fact might do to their credibility. "The bottom line," Betty Farnon calls it. "Coverage—none."

[illegible]

On November 29, 1972, C.U. published *Leont & Elton* Drugs, which, according to special publications director Jonathan Lee, "was intended to be a nice, thin handbook on drug use and abuse but turned out to be six hundred twenty-three pages on Seronix, Simulatrix, and other drugs, Hush, Hush, Hush, Hush, Hush, Hush, including Confessions, News, and Alcohol." Lee thinks it may have been a tactical error to unveil the drug book at Christmas, "when people want the Gullaggo Islands in song and story for \$24.95 to get on the coffee table." But the book was well received. So well received, in fact, that when the press clippings were counted it was found that newspapers and magazines had printed a total of 1,000 articles on the subject of the book. The Chicago Tribune covered it in a five-part series.



America's Best Mail Order Eats

Because the finest foods in the country are regional specialties, your supermarket can't possibly carry them all. Happily, your mailbox can. On these four pages is *Esquire's* selection of sixty-five exceptional national foods you can order by mail from the merchants listed on page 148. Even if you live in the Great Plains, you can enjoy the delicate delicacies of Northwest king salmon, top. It's shipped ice-fresh from the Seattle waters. The Washington Dungeness crab comes precooked, but the Maine lobster arrives alive and squawking. Below the lobster is frozen minnow

from Idaho spring waters (available plain, or stuffed with crab and shrimp). In the creek, center, is a tasty, gourmet tartar sauce from New York. The pot holds home-made New England clam chowder, and frozen from Newmarket. Bottom left, the Oregon Scandinavian-style smoked salmon comes smoky, medium- or hard-smoked. The Manhattan bay andlops in the bowl are shipped fresh or frozen. On the seashore? Alaskan king crab portions, Long Island oysters and Maine steamer clams. Forgive me, the Common Creekers are a Massachusetts tradition for clam chowder



Great snacking starts with great cheese, and great cheeses start with Wisconsin. At top are three Wisconsin winners. The red wheel is a *Bohème*, a light yellow table cheese with a delicate nut flavor. The black wheel is *Asiago*, a yellow, hard-type table cheese which comes mild, medium or sharp. Atop it sits a crumbly, sharp blue. On the cheese board, the Swiss is also from Wisconsin, while the rest are from the extraordinary cheese-making town of Lenox, Illinois. The wrapped chunks and wheel, top right, are Camembert; below it, Old Heidelberg, a close kin to Limburger, and in front a wheel of Lena Brin, which many consider the equal of French Brie. As for the breads to go with your cheese,

the top and bottom loaves are San Francisco's famous sour-dough bread, the second from top is a rich whole wheat bread from Vermont, and the second from bottom is a Broadway *Devils*, black pumpernickel with raisins from New York's Stage Deli. The epitome of cheesecakes, upper left, also comes to you from New York, where they know their cheesecake. In the foreground at bottom left is an unusual jalapeño corn bread mix, which adds a Tex-Mex snap to sweet corn flavor. And at bottom right, and to Amsterdam, Georgia, for big, delicious pecans. They come whole or shelled (unglazed, hickory smoked or cinnamon spiced). For candy lovers, rich chocolate pecan bark is also available.



This assortment of specialty foods starts, top, with leucocyanous preserves from South Carolina. Below them, left, is a jarred, ready-to-eat wild rice from the Minnesota lake regions. In the glass are leucocyanous pork and beans. You can order jumbo antipasto by the case from Castroville, California, the antipasto capital of America. In the stacked jars: top, leucocyanous jelly; middle, sweet hot fiery Southwestern jalapeno jelly; bottom, crunchy Texas chili dogs. Right, a jar of New Orleans gumbo like powder in a quart fat cooking Canada. Third row from top, the left, mildly hot red peppers are shipped from Santa Fe in large cartons or sacks. That's Texas-hot chili powder in the

orange bowl; in the glass bowl, South Carolina preserves, and in the white bowl, Antioch chili from Dallas taken Esquivel's antioch-chili house. In the next row, left, is a bowl of spicy chili verde, handmade and shipped frozen from Santa Fe. The glass bowl adjacent holds New Orleans red beans, a Cajun favorite. In the wooden bowl, it's New Mexican chile con carne hot sauce. Far right, those shrimped peppers from Texas are incandescent! In the foreground are two types of tortillas from New Mexico, the traditional white ones and a uniquely indigenous blue ones. Finally, the crunchy, waffle-like house-made cookies from Georgia taste as close to fresh homemade as any cookies available by mail.



Butcher Shop, U.S.A., leads off with a trio of outstanding sausage meats. Shown at top left is pepper buffalo sausage from Jackson, Wyoming; next, spicy Tennessee breakfast sausage; and right, the best in beef sausage from New York City. The hefty country ham below them is a Tennessee classic. Middle row, left, New York adds the pastured oxtail potpourri. To go with it try the cheese ground, southern-style Country mustard directly below. That black beauty is a plump, juicy and tender smoked turkey from the smoke houses of Tyler, Texas. In the basket is an assortment of sausages representing two distinctly different but equally appetizing regional approaches to plant-based. From the

Cajun country of Louisiana come French-inspired andouille, headin' sausage, headin' blanc and sausage sausage. Milwaukee produces beerwurst, smoky bratwurst and bratwurst in the German manner. The bread-and-butter pickles, toward bottom left, are from Indiana and have a whole-some, country-fair flavor. Next to them is Vermont Cheddar cheese. If you live far from a real butchery, Omaha Steaks will send you 1000 sausage or sheep sticks. Cakes, the milder dark from Wisconsin gives you a chance for safety around sausage. Bottom right are two more deli delights: the whole submersant is from Milwaukee, and the sliced sweet bologna is from the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

An Introduction to Selected Aspects of Slavic Orthography

by Jana I. Tuzar

Or why Banasek can't spell

For well over a year, public discussion of television has centered on such irrelevant matters as the effects of media violence, definition of obscenity, and the quality of programming. It has surreptitiously ignored the most crucial and, in some circles (every *Kirkcublen Ladies' Literary and Social Club* for one, and now *Scrivener's Polish class* for another), the most controversial issue in television today: Namely, why does the damage-deer hero of NBC-TV's detective series, *Banasek*, spell his name without a *n*?

Consider the facts. The hero (1) spells his name *Banasek*, (2) pronounces it /banasek/, (3) accents the first syllable, and (4) claims to be Polish.

But in Polish, the letter *e* is pronounced /a/, as in "baiter fly"; the /ch/ sound, as in "cheese," is rendered by the spelling *cz*. The letters *s* and *z*, and their corresponding sounds /s/ and /z/, are not interchangeable in Polish any more than they are in English. Therefore, in Polish, *Banasek* would be pronounced /banasek/. Conversely, if the name were pronounced /banasek/ in Polish, it would be spelled *Banasek*.

Moreover, in neither instance could the name be accented on the first syllable. The Polish language has a fixed stress on the penultimate—that is, the second to the last syllable. Therefore, in Polish, the name would be stressed *Banasek*, not *Banasek*.

The conclusion is inescapable. As written and pronounced, the name could not possibly be Polish.

What is it then? Simple linguistic deduction provides an answer.

In the Indo-European languages which use the Latin alphabet, the /ch/ sound is written as *ch* in French, *ck* in German, *ck* in English and Spanish, *cz* in Polish, *c* in Czech, *c* and *č* in Croatian, and in Italian as *c* before *e* and *e*. Thus, the *c* in *Banasek* could be pronounced /ch/ only in Italian, Czech, and Croatian. We may eliminate Italian because *Banasek* is obviously a Slavic name, which leaves Czech and Croatian.

Now, *Galla est omnia domus in partes tres* and so are the Slavs—into the Western, Eastern, and Southern groups. The Croats belong to the Southern Slavs and the Czechs, like the Poles, to the Western group. Since the -it ending in surnames is typical of the western Slavs, the name *Banasek* is, apparently, Czech ("Yes?" "Chait? Togethert? Check? Czech?").

In Czech—which uses diacritical marks as do French and Spanish to change the value of letters—the name would be written *Banášek*. But the diacritical marks are usually dropped by foreign languages, so it would, *multa misereatur*, become *Banasek*.

And it would be pronounced /banasek/ with the accent precisely where the hero wants it, because Czech has a fixed stress on the first syllable; the dash over the second *e* indicates length, not stress.

So here is the mystery: a hero vehement in his Polishness who has a Czech name, and both spells and pronounces it in the Czech manner. Why? In lieu of authoritative information, speculation has been rampant, dumber and dumber both.

If *Banasek* is indeed a Pole and *Banasek*, he must have, for some unaccountable reason, dropped the *n*.

Could it be an apologetic device to establish dominance over such new acquaintances by correcting the pronunciation of his name? An infallible, if somewhat bizarre, method indeed, since no one without an advanced degree in Comparative Slavic Phonetics would guess that that *c* is actually /ch/.

Or perhaps he changed his name merely for aesthetic reasons, hoping that no one would notice, like the assassin who first transcribed Cook into English using Polish letters. (A bad precedent, fortunately not followed. Thus we have been spared *Člita*, *Člita*, and *The Menace of Winston Čewron!*) In any case, *Banasek* looks, well, neither like *Banasek*. But it certainly is a serious lackluster. Whereas *Banasek* has a slight tinge of exotism about it, *Banasek* has a distinct aura of Fragar awagag, Plutner laur, placid polka, and a general Bohemianism pervaded solely out of keeping with the hero's carefully developed air of sangfroid and amour faire, not to mention *amour propre*.

It is also possible that the name is not Polish at all, but a Polonization from some other language, one in which that troublesome *c* could /ch/ to its heart's content. Italian (*Banascini*)? Croatian (*Banšić*)?

None of the above would explain the telltale accent on the first syllable. Perhaps *Banasek* is *Banšček* and a Czech after all. If so, why does he deny it? Is he a member of this country's Czech diaspora, using a change of nationality as a red herring for protection against red sharks and things that go bump in the night?

It's also not beyond the realm of possibility that *Banasek* is both Polish and Czech.

What if the father was Czech and the mother Polish, and the son, from a sense of *fair play*, took his father's name and his mother's nationality? Or did some modest relation in the family closet prompt *Banasek* to deny his father's nationality, if not to refuse his name? On the other hand, perhaps his father was a Pole and never married his Czech. (Continued on page 148)

Winston Čewron??



WHAT ARE THE SUPER RICH DOING FOR FUN THESE DAYS?

by Pete Axelholm

Buying nice, expensive yearlings



The finest horseflesh in the world lures the wealthy to Kentucky's Keeneland auction.

There's a live one on the way." The word spread quickly, crackling through the dusty heat of the Kentucky morning with the urgency of a hot tip at the racetrack. A European horse trader delivered the first report. Then a score of trainers, breeders and buyers-on were pouring it along, through the next rows of barns where three hundred fifty one-year-old thoroughbreds were being prepared for sale.

"He's from India or Pakistan or something," one man said. "They say he looks like a."

"Not just cheap, man," said another. "This guy owns the biggest oil tanker in the world. He's got nothing but money to spend, and if we pump him up a little, he

just might blow the roof right off the sales pavilion."

"What does he want?" asked a man with a half dozen partners to sell. "A car and driver? A place to stay? A party to go to?" It turned out that the live one wanted all those things, and well before his plane touched down at the Lexington Airport, they had all been provided for him. Kentuckyans are very hospitable people, especially in midsummer when they hope to sell their finest horses at the best possible prices.

One veteran of decades of horse trading observed the hatched preparations that were being made for the live one with amusement. "They're all set for him," he finally said. "Now it's just a matter of making sure

his foot's in the right place when the trap springs."

This was the Keeneland Summer Sale, the most important and by far the most expensive section of prospective purchases in the world. Before the two-day extravaganza was over, buyers would spend just under \$20,000,000, surpassing the previous sales record by more than fifty percent. A single purchaser, the British Bloodstock Agency of London, would invest \$1,700,000 in a single lot, and completely entered yearlings—about doubling the old standard for a spending spree by an individual buyer. And in the climactic moment of the sale, a Japanese-dominated syndicate would pay the unheard-of sum of \$400,000 for one colt. These numbers would speak eloquently of the boom in the horse business, particularly on the international scale, and they would be analyzed long afterward, not only in racing's trade publications but in prestigious financial journals in several countries.

To the foreman at Keeneland, however, the analysis would be virtually irrelevant. The local experts could moil over the devaluation of the dollar, the tax laws of Japan or the other factors that enticed so many free-wheeling foreign investors into Kentucky. The transaction could credit the surge in the excitement generated by Triple Crown winner Secretariat. And the outsiders and nonbelievers could measure the incredible horse market against the rest of an economy that lacked want and fuel and stock profits, and blame it on sheer madness. But the sellers around the Keeneland barn had no time for such observations. They had more immediate concerns. They were making sure that nobody with cash to spend was standing around in the hot sun with an empty champagne glass.

Not that the many breeders of Kentucky lack knowledge of taxes and farm depreciation and other financial maneuvers; try to buy a few acres or a couple of broodmares from them and they turn very quickly into businessmen. It is just that when a Kentuckyan sells a horse, he gets down to the business of manhood. His rhapsodies about the stallion's strength, robust superlatives that have been passed down through the Bluegrass by generations of breeders and Bible salesman alike. He air-conditions an old tack room and transforms it into a plush cocktail lounge where his potential customers can relax. He hires pretty young girls who know how to show off yearlings to their best advantage—by leading them into patches of sunlight on level ground so that their sleekly groomed coats will shine and the slender legs of the fragile horses will appear so straight and stately as possible. And there, all, the Kentuckyan looks for a live one.

This is the element that will always distinguish the horse industry from any other business that might gross \$20,000,000 in a few days. Gambling is the easiest of horse business, and buying yearlings is the largest and most hazardous variety of all. The rewards can be great: A handful of the horses sold each year at Keeneland will go on to become champions that are worth millions of dollars. But the worst majority will

never come close to justifying their inflated prices, and most buyers and all sellers know it. So the most expensive horses ever sold can't simply be put on a black and red-tinted oil like so many pieces of merchandise. The customers must be charmed and entertained, lusted and impressed. In a word, they must be bought.

This tradition has grown for centuries on the fenced soil of the South. Perhaps it traces to the first old gambler who saw painted a slave horse to make him resemble a fast one, or to the Puritan trader who pumped a bit of air under a horse's skin to make him look fit and healthy enough to sell to Ab Snopes. Such crude practices have long since given way to more subtle ones, but the breeding spirit lives on. Sometimes it leads to clearly unethical maneuvers such as bookies paid to trainers so they will advise wealthy owners to pay more money than horses are worth. More often, it inspires subtler modes of deception that are not only within the rules, but considered a challenging feature of the entire horse-trading game. Every seller, for example, is entitled to try and make his horse's infirmities behind a glowing spiel about the animal's



The 1973 section. The big spenders were all after Secretariat's half brother,

pedigree, or to corner themselves to a customer's weakness for a particular type of horse. He is also entitled to do his level best to get the buyer drunk. Horse traders give a special, peasant welcome to the phrase, "Let the buyer beware."

Such tactics are employed at scores of thoroughbred auctions, large and small, in every country where people bet on horse races. But in terms of history, elegance and money, Keeneland is in a class by itself.

The sale's history is a fitting testament to one of the nation's main, James H. Rouse, the Silver Fox of Wall Street and the most famous businessman of the turn of the century. Rouse lived and raced some great horses that one could list, but his most notorious adventure was his attempt to corner the Chicago wheat market in 1884. Rouse once won a match as \$400,000 in a single bet on a horse, but his wheat scheme made him a genuine upper crust. He played \$7,500,000 into it. When brokers refused to honor his certified checks at the crucial moment, he chartered a train and personally loaded



hage of gold into Chicago—but the brief delay slowed the owner to be broken. Jay Gould applied pressure to Keene's holdings and he lost everything, including his racing stable. He was flat broke for four years, but then he took over management of the sugar trust, made another huge fortune, and bought enough horses to dominate racing again. Keene is still revered in horse-racing circles for his acumen and perseverance. He is also revered as the prototype of the indestructible live one.

For elegance, Kenebeck offers a gay round of parties on the rolling farms of the major breeders. The hottest gala is hosted by the remarkable "Coco" Leslie Combe, who has sold more horses for more money than anyone since the weekend Kemeland auction began in 1914. While hundreds of guests mingle on the patio of the master house of Combe's Speedbrikt Farm, the sophisticated Leslie provides a charm more refreshing than that of his architects. He welcomes the visitors in tones as rich and warm as his land, assuring every woman that she is the soul of beauty and every horse owner that he or she is his most valued customer. And he always returns to his favorite theme: "This is the finest crop of horses I've ever raised," he tells people. "But, folks don't seem to be 'em much, so they're going to be bargainin', I'm afraid. Poor of Leslie may be just giving his horses away this year."

The fact is, of course, that Leslie Combe is the most successful commercial breeder in racing because of a unique blend of shrewdness, charm, innovation—and the knack for giving away absolutely nothing except his country home and bonded horses. He is famous for arranging behind-the-scenes deals to insure lively bidding on all his yearlings; he secretly knows the identity of the hidden and the approximate price of every one of his horses long before the sale. Yet the over marketing and the parting remain essential to Combe's ritual—and to the sales pitches of many other breeders. It all goes with the elegant hosts.

The live one's name was Basil Tikkoos. He was a striking man of forty-two, with dark hair and grey sideburns and a broad chest that thrust prominently from the double-breasted pocket of a custom-tailored grey suit. It turned out that he was neither Indian nor Pakistani; he said that he had been born in "the princely state of Marath," a part of Kashmir, but he was a British citizen based in London. The more important statements in his advance articles were correct, however: Tikkoos owned the world's largest tanker and was in the process of building an even larger one. And he was ready to spend enough to blow the roof off a horse sale.

"My two tankers are worth two hundred and fifty million dollars," he said as he strolled through the barn area. Some wealthy racing people tend to be reticent about their fortunes; others, particularly the sort of the high rollers, use their thoroughbreds as

badges of success. Tikkoos belonged to the latter group. He relished his role as a new star in the Kemeland drama, and when he recalled the statistics that were his credits, he pronounced them slowly and distinctly, making sure that his listeners caught the full impact. He couldn't have worried. The horse traders were listening very closely.

"Within the next few years, I will spend one percent of my ships' worth on horses. That's two and a half million dollars." Again Tikkoos paused for emphasis: two European advisors and several men with horses to sell were hanging on every detailed point. "I'm an international financier, and I bought my first tanker in 1905. I jumped to the top of that business in five years, and I plan to do the same thing in racing." Everyone nodded in agreement with his master plan, and then Tikkoos and his entourage got down to the business of looking at yearlings—or, more precisely, having some yearlings shown to them.

The showing of a horse is the heart of the sales process, the moment that can determine once and for all whether a customer will make a bid. Everyone at

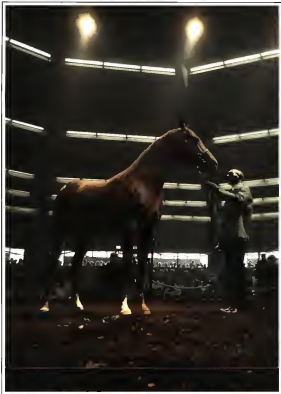


After the parting and dealing, appetite, the prize horse was sold to Japan's Seiya Tankers for a record \$600,000.

Kemeland has a sales catalog full of pedigree information, and horsemen often fix themselves in a moment about the value of any given set of bloodlines. But examining a yearling is a very different matter: one hundred people may look at the same horse, advise his basic beauty, and walk away with one hundred varying impressions about his potential ability. His personality or the sudden suggestions of his legs. Such judgments are so fallible and meager that they can sometimes be improved by even the most unpredictable of forces—and every seller hopes to exert that crucial force in his own special way.

Two basic approaches to showing yearlings can be found at the two largest Kemeland competitors. At the Speedbrikt farm, Leslie Combe was a one-man show, another victim in kindness and cocktails and wearing tales of gentleness that seemed to make his yearlings grow larger than life before each client's slightly misty eyes. Over at the big Cladborne headquarters, on the other hand, the atmosphere was tense and handsome—a reflection of the president of that farm, young Seth Hameck.

Cladborne was selling its yearlings for the first time in two decades, partly to pay the estate taxes following the death of Seth's father, Arthur B. (Bull) Hameck Jr. Generally regarded as the greatest breeder of the postwar era, Bull Hameck left a legacy of bloodlines that will influence racing for generations, as well as an expert staff to run his farm. But some business still wondered how Seth, a shabby twenty-three-year-old who looked even younger, would survive in the fierce Kemeland competition. Instead of attempting a glib sales pitch, Seth spoke in clipped earnest tones and made everybody very by calling men "sir" as he showed them his yearlings. That he proceeded to prove and even among the sharpest critics were good enough to speak for themselves. The fifteen



As pearl mares are lowered down for a record average of \$16,514, trainers mount and syndicates are formed.

California breeders sold for a record-shattering \$2,364,000—a tribute to Bill Hancock as a breeder and a dazzling debut for 86th as a horse trader.

All of which was fine for Combs and Hancock; but the sellers who weren't members one and two had to try a bit harder. Young Tom Gentry, for example, established a new sales record for handing out fifth. Every prospective buyer who wandered within range of the Gentry barn found himself laden with pens, pocket-knives, lighters, catalog covers and a non-numbered fake yardstick that made things appear smaller than they were—"It's for measuring Leslie Combs's purchases." As the visitor sought to maintain his balance under the weight of his loot, he would listen to Gentry's peppery, whimsical spiel: "Bring that filly out here and let their mouths water. . . . Here's one that's a half sister to Holy Land, you remember him, he was great win the Derby, he was just making his big move when he fell down. . . . Once while you hold that horse, Anne, maybe he can throw you in on a package deal. . . ." Gentry left most people laughing when it was over. He also sold seven yearlings for \$416,000, which will buy a lot of yardsticks.

Ravi Tikkoos scouted perhaps a dozen horses at the various barns. Sometimes, when the sales talk reached extremes, he smiled faintly, making it clear that he was too close to believe a word. At other moments he betrayed an enthusiasm that stirred the hearts of the sellers. "A beauty," he said of one chestnut colt. "Magnificent."

"He'll be expensive, too," someone told Tikkoos turned to him with a disdainful look.

"No price is too high," he said firmly, "if I see a horse that I want."

George Switcomb had his good and handled his large body forward on the podium as he named the crowded sales portion. His practiced eye required less than a second to take in the precise locations of the prize-winning high rollers: Combs's clique of clients down in front, the European agents scattered discreetly through several rows, and behind them the Australians and the Japanese. Only the last group made him hesitate. He noticed that Zensu Yoshida, who leads the world in Sheshaired spending, was not in his seat.

"I'll be waiting for those Australians," Switcomb had said earlier. "Last year they came to look us over, but this year they brought money. A lot of it. And of course you've got to watch Yoshida, he's the big buyer nowadays. That boy Jim Scully does his bidding for him, but when you want to know if Yoshida's in action, you also have to look for another little Japanese guy who represents him. As long as that little guy's around, we're okay. . . ."

By the time Yoshida and his representative made their entrance, Switcomb had sold a number of horses and studied a lot more of the faces out in front of him. He was calling for the bids in a high-speed, smugly chant and signing it with often repeated to the crowd—"There's too much excitement here, let's get down to business"—but he was also watching carefully, and he knew what he saw. It was going to be a very big sale.

"What you've got here," Switcomb had said, "is a whole lot of tension. The horses are so tight, and

the prices are so high, you can almost feel it in the air. So me and my boys, we have to be what you might call acutely attuned, always looking for bids, even if they come in at the last second before the hammer falls. In a sale like this, we got to be sharper than sharp-sharp rats."

Switcomb, seventy-two, has been sharp enough to coast more than \$550,000,000 out of buyers during his career as a horse auctioneer. Now, as Director of Auctions and a colorful figurehead for the entire Keeneland operation, he has many duties, including the selection of the yearlings to be sold each year. This is no small responsibility, since every breeder in the Bluegrass dreams of selling his horses at the Summer Sale's hot market—but there is room for only about one third of the applicants. Owners of the rejected yearlings have good reason for disappointment. They will peddle their animals later, at less prestigious auctions, while the Yoshidas and Tikkoos are often back at their homes counting money. But if Switcomb's judgments as peddler and confirmation agent the unfortunate outsiders, they also provide him with a good deal of



Shipping manager Ravi Tikkoos, left, headed that money was no object, but dropped out of the bidding war. "The prices have grown ridiculous."

pride and satisfaction—almost as much as he gets from commanding or enjoying a few sizeable potting up a record price during the sale.

"I want to be known as a humble man," Switcomb says in his deep drawl. "I know that there are people here who know a hundred times what I know about horses. And there are buyers who are great experts in every business in the world. So I just try to be my own best self. There's no use in me trying to outsmart folks around here." George makes this little speech in such a humble and sincere manner that you would be crazy to believe a word of it. He is clearly as smart and smooth as any knacker at Keeneland.

Interestingly, after a life marked by dramatic moments and surprises, Switcomb seems to have his fondest memories on two of his most carefully orchestrated and predictable sales. This is mainly because the orchestrator and seller in those deals was George's good old roommate from Centre College, Class of '35, Leslie Combs; the buyer was Combs's friend and houseguest at each sale, Genevieve McIntosh; and Frank McMahon. One year McMahon paid a record \$100,000 for a Combs colt, later he returned to pay \$140,000 for the colt's brother. The headline-making purchases seemed less remarkable when it became known that McMahon had actually been Combs's silent partner in breeding both horses; in (Continued on page 150)

Saying Good-bye to the President

by Robley Wilson Jr.

Speak up, it's hard to hear in dreams

We are strolling in the Rose Garden at dusk. The sky is clouded, taking on the first glow of lights from the Washington night, the traffic sounds faded by the railing of a warm wind in the White House trees. The President walks with his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent slightly, walking at his own pace with the tone of his shoes. Behind us, at a little distance, two Secret Service men follow, talking discreetly, keeping their eyes on us.

I am the one who finally speaks, breaking a silence that has surrounded us like smoke since dinner.

"I never thought it would end this way," I say.

"No," he says. "Neither did I."

"I'll miss you."

He gives a flicker of his mouth as slight as to be about an inward grin. "We had good times," he says.

We turn off the path and move across a damp lawn. The agents trail us at their interval, acutely careful not to step where we have stepped, avoiding the dark places in the grass that mark where we have pressed the dew against the earth.

"I suppose you're all packed," I say.

"Almost," he says. "A few pictures. . . ." His voice falls; he finishes the sentence with a movement of his shoulders.

"I guess we'll both get over it."

"People have a way of settling themselves."

"Will you think of me?"

"Can you imagine me forgetting?"

"Then I can live with this," I tell him.

He puts his right hand on my shoulder. "Try not to dwell on it," he says.

"All right," I tell him.

He signals to the agents. I turn away and begin walking rapidly in the direction of the traffic aisle. I have given my self I will not show tears.

We are at Key Biscayne, in a room whose two windows look across a deserted beach to the ocean. The President is standing, shocked and shivering, at one of the windows. It is dusk; the sea stream around him and turns the moon gold. He waves absently to a Secret Service man seated at the base of a palm tree, and with his other hand rakes at the grey hairs on his chest.

"They'll miss you," I say to him.

He sighs. "I suppose they will."

"They loved you the way a family would."

"They did—for a while, at least. I'll always have that."

"You've settled everything?"

"Oh, yes," he says. "All packed, ready to go."

He moves from the window and picks up a white shirt from the chair beside the bed. He draws it on carefully, the motions of his dressing like those of an old man.

"Can I help with the cuff links?" I ask him.

"No, no," he says. "I can manage."

I stub out my cigarette in the glass ashtray. "Then I think we'd better get on with it," I stand up.

"Just let me put on my shoes," he says.

While he sits on the edge of the bed, slipping on the shoes, I button and adjust my jacket. I say, "I'm going to be a searcher"—not because I care, but because I am embarrassed and wish to say something.

The President nods, stands, scoops up his coat. At the door of the room I put my hand out to him. His mouth hardens.

"I think we can do without those, can't we?" he says.

"Yes, sir," I say, and follow him out through the bellman of photographers to the waiting van.

We are aboard the *Sequoia*. It is a starless night; a light breeze is blowing over the mouth of the Potomac and there is no sound save the low murmur of a furnace. The President is kneeling at the rail of the yacht. He wears a wet suit, purple pushed up from his knee. He is checking the pressure of his air tanks. When he talks, it is in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, and the words come fast upon one another. The *Sequoia* rocks gently in the rising tide.

"You've got it all straight?" the President says.

"Yes, sir. Trust me, sir."

"All right." He hoists the tanks onto his back. I help him adjust the fastenings. He takes the air piece into his mouth, checks the tanks one last time.

"Good luck," I tell him.

"Thanks. Remember—not a word to anyone."

"Right."

"You won't hear from me for two weeks, but don't worry. Everything's arranged. In thirteen days, mail the packages to Carmichael; in twenty-seven days, mail the large suitcase to Caracas." He pulls down the goggles. "After that, you'll get instructions every two weeks."

"Yes, sir."

He shakes my hand. "I'm counting on you," he says. The next moment he has slipped over the side of the yacht—a dim white phosphorescent form in the ship's lights. Then a crewman appears at the rail beside me.

"What's up?" says the crewman. "I thought I heard a splash."

"You did," I tell him. "The President just fell overboard."

The crewman lights a cigarette. (Continued on page 158)



**GABARDINE
TIMES
FOUR**

Gabardine tailors beautifully, holds its shape and looks good on everybody—ample reason for its big revival in four handsome colors. For starters, consider these subtle slates. Below, the blue slate side-vented wool gabardine suit (\$225), cotton shirt (\$25) and silk tie are by Ralph Lauren for Polo, Night. It's Dominique France's grey slate trench coat (\$285), a Giovannelli sweater (\$35), Handcraft scarf and John Wells doeskin gloves. Inset: another blue slate wool gabardine suit, this by Hardy Amies for Phoenix (\$175), Eagle shirt (\$20) and Chest Knot tie.



**Classic
Camel
Gabardine**

Here, it's gabardine in traditional camel tones with '74 styling and accessories. At left, Aquascutum's knee-length, polyester-and-cotton-blend trench coat (\$130) deserves a longer lamb's wool sweater (\$22) and a tone-on-tone Byron Britton shirt by Aetna (\$14). It also deserves tying, not buckling, the belt. The suit is Clubman's flapped, patch-pocket gabardine (\$195), with a Gant shirt (\$19) and Rooster ... Call the trousers, of course, and step out in tan Intercoors oxfords (\$40) with a slightly more ... toe and a higher heel. Socks (\$2.50) by Intimate/Esquire.



**British
Tan
Gabardine**

For rugged casual clothes with regimental overtones, these British tan gabardines can't be beat. Here, the Dimitri ready-to-wear wool gabardine shirt suit (about \$250) has pleated pants. Wear it with shirt tucked in and a Canterbury bell. At right is a shaped, cotton gabardine trench coat by Jaeger (\$170). It's single-breasted, belted and safari-styled. The cotton gabardine shirt suit (\$125) is by Jaeger, scarf by Polo and belt by Harness House. All glasses are by A. R. Trapp.





**Rich
Chocolate
Gabardine**

A more formal chocolate shade rounds out the gabardine palette. This rich cotton/polyester trench coat (\$180) is from Christopher Frank. The striped shirt (\$14) is by Excello. Opposite, the Cricketer polyester gabardine suit (\$85) has patch pockets and side vents. It's worn with an Arrow tattersall shirt (\$14). Wembley tie and Floeshelm two-tone oxfords with wraparound perforated wing tips (about \$50). The diamond-pattern socks (\$2.50) are by Gold Toe.



QUADERRY

(Continued from page 117) [sings] *Good Army in Lake Village, Arkansas, Quaderry sat in front of me on the stage they'd had built for him. There were hundreds of awestruck teen-agers. Four girls in sweaters, showing what they could, were hunched on the stage with their torsos back as their minds I'd play as loud for one particular chick. I'd get absolutely out of control. The chick boys would have to turn the volume up full blast to compensate. That I was deaf, Angeline, the dramatic idea was to reduce Quaderry to a very soft sound, faded out in the world of a long ear-piercing roar of rock-and-roll frenzy. I'd get out the benches and we would submerge the crowd with my intensity. By August, I was deaf. I had to watch Quaderry's fingers changing notes on the microphone, had to use my eyes to keep time. The other members of the Bay Funks told me I was hitting out of time. I pretended I was trying to do experimental things with rhythm when the truth was I simply could no longer hear. I was so deaf I started dreaming, either. I had become deaf through lack of taste.*

Which was—in—exactly the only way that Quaderry wanted on the microphone. During the live show, during the cheering, Quaderry had taste. The notes did not affect his personality. He just acted as a brick. He could bleed, he could hurt through his ears when the right time came, but he could not support his ear as hair. Then, when we brought him out front for his solo on something like *Pink Fins*, he would play with such light, playful notes that he seemed to be playing. Or, he would record it, originally with Dave Brubeck. The girls around the stage did not want him to enter into a climactic battle of volume.

Quaderry had his own girl friend now, Lillian, called at Clinton, who got all the mad-dreamed things around the stage to the studio. In my mind I was unconsciously him for getting up next to this beauty, but in June and July, when I was still hearing, he never said a word about her. It was one night in August, when I could hear nothing and was driving him to his house. She he asked me to turn on the inside light and spoke in a retarded deliberate way. He knew I was deaf and could not hear me to read him. "Don't . . . and . . . Don't . . . of her . . . or me . . . We . . . think . . . she . . . is . . . in trouble."

I wanted my head. I never would I make fun of him to her. She devoted me because I had taken out her balloons little under a few weeks, but I would never think there was anything funny about Lillian, for all her hesitations. I only thought of this crush as monumentally curious.

"No one except you know," he said. "By day, you tell me."

"Because I'm going away and you have to take care of her. I wouldn't leave her with anybody but you."

"She hates the sight of my face. Where are you going?"

"Annapolis."

"You aren't going to any demand Annapolis."

"That was the only school that wanted me."

"You're going to play your saxophone as a host?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"How . . . how can you just leave her?"

"She wants me to. She's very excited about me at Annapolis. Wilson [this is my name], there is no girl I would imagine who has more love for me than Lillian."

I entered the town college, as did Lillian. She was in the same chemistry class I was. But she was now away. It was difficult to learn anything, being deaf. The professor wasn't a patient man. He had finally to be to the blackboard with the formulas and the alphas of problems, in my happiness I heard in and made a B. At the end of the semester I was enrolling around the grade about he'd posted. I happened to see Lillian's name. She'd only made a C. So, I decided to go to the Jackson airport at ten o'clock one night. He Lillian and I were out there waiting. It was a familiar place to her. She was a scientist, and her lungs were mostly in the South. She was a large person, had red medals on her feet. I was in a black turtleneck and cowboy pants, feeling confident, so confident I could hardly stand it. I'd already made myself the lead writer at Gordon-Mark Advertising at Jackson. I hadn't seen Lillian in a year. She eyes were strained, no longer the bright blue things they were when she was a young woman. We drank coffee together, I said here, as far as I knew, she'd been faithful to Quaderry.

He came down in so something Navy jet right on the dot of ten. She ran out on the airport pavement to meet him. I saw her wave up the ladder. Quaderry never got out of the plane. I could see him in his blue uniform. Lillian looked down the ladder. Then Quaderry had the cockpit cover his again. He turned the plane around so the door and out was at me. He took it down the runway. We saw him leap out into the night at the middle of the runway going west, toward San Diego and the Rockwells. Richard Lillian was crying.

"He had to be," I said. "America. The beautiful, her you will never know." He wanted to give you a message. He was glad you were here."

"I had with the message?"

"The same thing. I am a dragon. America the beautiful, like you will never know."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Did a dragon."

"Did he express any love toward you?"

"He wasn't. And. He was somebody with a nose in a helmet."

"He's going to war, Lillian."

"I asked him to kiss me and he told me to get off the plane, he was firing up and it was dangerous to people who aren't."

"Aren't you going to see. He's just as

I went through college. To me it is interesting that I kept a B average and did it all deaf, though I know this wasn't interesting to people who aren't deaf. I loved music, and never heard it.

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I loved poetry, and never heard a word that came out of the mouth of the visiting poets who read at the campus. I loved my mother and dad, but never heard a word they made. One Christmas Eve, Richard was back from the Miss and three on M-30 out in the street for old times' sake. I saw it complete, but there was only a pressure in my ears. I was at parties when but was crying and I went home with two girls (I am medium handsome) who lived in apartments of the old two-story 1920s vintage, and I took my shoes off and made love to them. But I have no real idea what those reactions were. They were elevated and all when I got up, but I have no idea whether I gave them the last pleasure or not. I hope I did. I've always been partial to women and have always wanted to see them satisfied till their eyes popped out.

Through Lillian I got the word that Quaderry was out of Annapolis and was firing jets off the Rockwells Rockwell, an aircraft carrier headed for Vietnam. He telephoned her that he would set down at the Jackson airport at ten o'clock one night. He Lillian and I were out there waiting. It was a familiar place to her. She was a scientist, and her lungs were mostly in the South. She was a large person, had red medals on her feet. I was in a black turtleneck and cowboy pants, feeling confident, so confident I could hardly stand it. I'd already made myself the lead writer at Gordon-Mark Advertising at Jackson. I hadn't seen Lillian in a year. She eyes were strained, no longer the bright blue things they were when she was a young woman. We drank coffee together, I said here, as far as I knew, she'd been faithful to Quaderry.

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Continued from page 117



Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

Kings 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Sept. 79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

his way to Vietnam and he wanted us to know that. It wasn't just him he wanted us to see. It was him on the jet he would use to see his old friend. You can't lose an airplane."

"And what are we supposed to do?" said Janet Lohan.

"We've just got to hang around. He didn't have to fly off and disappear straight up like that. That was to tell us he was out there."

Lohan asked me what she was supposed to do now. I told her she was supposed to come with me to my apartment in the old 1930s Chelsea where I was. I was supposed to take care of her.

Quadberry had said so. His six-year-old daughter was still weeping in her arms. Her sleep on the fold-out bed of the sofa for a while. This was the only bed in my place. I stood in the dark of the kitchen and drank a quartet bottle of rum on ice. I would not turn on the light and spoil her sleep. The prospect of Lohan sleeping in my apartment made me feel like a chaplain as I went to the Holy Land. I stood there getting drunk, being my torus when dozens of last nights on me. That last night, Quadberry would be in his house. In Chelsea, he was not, but he would be straight up the night at last—what was the point of his coming to see in this?

What was he saying? Remember him forever or forget him forever? But I had my own life and was neither going to remember it nor forget it. My memory was his old sweetheart. What did he mean. America the beautiful, like you will never know. L. William Howie, knew a golden good but about America the beautiful, even as a last man. Being dead had brought me up closer to people. The more I knew, the more I knew, but I knew their mouth movements, the persistence under their noses, the tongues moving over the corners of their mouths, their faces, their lips.

Quadberry, I said, you don't have to get up next to the stars in your black jet to see America the beautiful. I decided to be a last man. On the kitchen floor had day the night, when Lohan turned on the light and appeared to be a last man. Her face was perfect except for a tiny bit of fat on her upper thighs. She'd sunbathed herself so her teeth were brown, and her nose and the corners were to rip off the white underwear and black sock, and something was tearing into the flesh that you discovered.

She was moving her mouth. "Say it again slowly."

"I'm sorry. When he took off in his jet, I think it was he wasn't ever going to see me again. I think it wasn't he was laughing at both of us. He's an astronaut and he's out on us."

"He won't see us on the bed with you?" I asked.

"I know you're an intellectual. We could live on the lights so you'd know what I said."

"You want to say things? This isn't going to be good for you."

"I could never be good for you."

"I agree. Go to sleep. Let me make up my mind whether to come in there. Turn out the lights."

Against the dark, and I thought, I would chest not only Quadberry but the entire Quadberry family if I did what you said.

I fell asleep.

Quadberry carried Lohan on his back, his arms in her North Vietnam. He was outstretched off the fire. When Richard in his suit of 300 dollars in equipment, often at night, and put the F-4 on all it could get—the four cockpit, the massive long two-million-dollar fuselage, wings, tail, and jet engines. Quadberry, the general manager of his dream, going up to twenty thousand feet to be lost. He'd meet with the big B-52 cattle of the air and get in a position, his cockpit glowing with green and orange lights, and turn on his transmitter radio. There was only one really good kind, the one used by the old Army, and that was Red Cross. Quadberry loved it. He loved the metal hands in the flesh, when the person was over the edge of the distance. Then he'd turn the jet around when he saw the equally sharp little nose. He'd turn three after the B-52, he'd drop the jet. It was a seven-hour trip. Sometimes he'd stop, but his body knew when to make no sound. Quadberry's nose and there was his ship waiting for him out in the waves.

All his trips weren't the way. He'd have to blow out his deck and get with the B-52, and a SAM missile would come up among them. Two of his suits were taken down by their missiles. But Quadberry, as an astronaut, had endless learned techniques. He'd put his jet perpendicular to the air and make the B-52 look like a dead dog. He'd turn down one of them. Then, one day in daylight, a MIG came flaring up from him and his squadron. Quadberry couldn't believe what he'd seen. The MIG was shy, but Quadberry knew where and how the MIG could shoot. He flew below the MIG and then came a behind it. He knew the MIG wanted one of the B-52s and not actually him. The MIG was so concentrated on the B-52 that he forgot about Quadberry. It was really an amateur suicide pilot in the MIG. Quadberry put on top of him and let down a missile, rising out of the way of it. The missile blew off the tail of the MIG. But then Quadberry wanted to see if the man got safely out of the cockpit. He thought it would be pleasant if the fellow got out with his parachute working. Then Quadberry saw that the fellow wanted to collide his wreckage with the B-52, so Quadberry turned himself over and descended, accompanied the pilot and cockpit. It was the first man he'd killed.

The last night, Quadberry was hit by a ground missile. But his jet kept flying. He flew it a hundred miles back to the sea. There was the fire. When Richard, as a pilot, he was not happy. By God, he landed right on the deck. His nose caught him in there and cut the parachute off. His jet took him for miles, but he was all right. He landed and was represented in Hanoi for a month.

Then he went off the front of the ship. Just like that, his F-4 plopped in the ocean and sank like a rock. Quadberry saw the ship go over him. He knew he shouldn't just just jet. If he spent now he'd knock his head on the bottom and get chewed up in the water. When the ship sank, his plane was sinking in the prison and he could see the hull of the aircraft carrier getting smaller, but he had a gun. Quadberry saw the ship go over him. He knew he shouldn't just just jet. If he spent now he'd knock his head on the bottom and get chewed up in the water. When the ship sank, his plane was sinking in the prison and he could see the hull of the aircraft carrier getting smaller, but he had a gun. Quadberry saw the ship go over him. He knew he shouldn't just just jet. If he spent now he'd knock his head on the bottom and get chewed up in the water. When the ship sank, his plane was sinking in the prison and he could see the hull of the aircraft carrier getting smaller, but he had a gun.

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His Maria is an hauntingly far Eastern, in kinds of unforgettable memories, of quiet moments and romance. The Maria, Jeanne's haunting liquor.

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Illustrated by David R. Matthews. Ray, January 1981

W. A. JAYSON & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



Next Fall, Esquire Makes Football Snappier

And just wait to see what we do for baseball, basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, and just about every other major sport you've been watching, playing, betting on, and being grandly obsessed with over the years. The entire October, 1974, Esquire will be devoted to the United States of Sports, all the big ones, written about, photographed, and painted as only Esquire knows how. The issue will be extra big, bold, something to hang on to. No kidding. Watch this space for details.

project, the chief of staff at a Buffalo hospital called Sister Jants and asked her to bring Mr. E to the bedside of a woman who was clinically at the point of death. After only two treatments by Mr. E, the woman was released from the hospital. None of the doctors wants to be named, according to Sister Jants, says she "can understand" after all, they must face their colleagues. Medical doctors spend a great deal of time and money attempting their wits. To encounter an uneducated man like Mr. E who was achieving things that they cannot, with all their training, is difficult for them to accept."

In a letter from Mr. E, I learn that his first healing took place about forty years ago, when his two-year-old son contracted diphtheria, a disease that was often fatal at that time. Mr. E held the boy in his lap for ten days, at the end of which the child had completely recovered. At that time Mr. E attributed the healing to his "parent's love" rather than to any special healing touch.

Later, while teaching in a military academy, Mr. E stated that he became a role model to his students, and that those of his students were often lauded and celebrated after long wars. He said and staff members began to ask him to rub down their uniforms to whether some of his "luck" would rub off on them. It did, and word soon spread that the hands of Sister Jants were miraculous. Soon he was being called upon to treat all manner of domestic animals. He was active in both World Wars, as a healer as well as a soldier, and eventually worked as a hospital in Boston treating patients for the century no longer felt they could help. The fact that the staff heard him there for nearly ten years attests to his success. After the Hungarian Revolution in 1954 he emigrated to Montreal where he has since lived.

Though he is a Roman Catholic, "a believer Catholic" as he puts it, Mr. E says that he does not pray or ask God for help during the laying on of hands. He believes that his ability is God-given and, having acknowledged that, he feels it is his duty to go on with his work without indulging God for constant reassurances. Also, he lets it be known that he finds some of the experiments he is asked to participate in disturbing.

After he is asked to heal some plants and animals and let others (the controls) suffer, he explains to them he knows that the research will help him in the healing process and, in the long run, alleviate greater suffering. But to God he turns only in times of need. He believes, however, he will be particularly inappropriate.

When he touches something or somebody, Mr. E says he gets attuned to "the vibrations," vibrations, temperature, breathing, movement and so on, everything the patient's body contributes to him. After that he begins to "automate." He doesn't know what happens but believes an energy passes from him to the patient.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Mr. E was introduced to Bernard Gaud

like Sister Jants. Dr. Gaud's primary research has not been in the psychic domain. His Ph.D. is an experimental psychologist and he has published many scientific papers in the field of psychology and notably a data in statistics. He is an associate professor in the department of psychology at Montreal's McGill University. In 1951, when a Hungarian technician who had achieved a great deal in parapsychology and a friend had just been successfully treated for an arthritic condition by a Hungarian equipped with a vibration for psychic healing, Dr. Gaud was immediately interested. He took contact with the "nonhealer" up to that point had been without success. He met Frank, a parapsychologist who, in his later years, became preoccupied with "various energy," a "psychic energy" that he believed was the basis of all life. A personal friend of Gaud's, Dr. Gaud was himself curious about a life-force that might be more than anything previously postulated by physics and biology. He thought that in the proper experimental setting Mr. E might be able to "demonstrate" his claims.

To begin the experiments with roots and leafy seedlings, in one of the first series of experiments, four small green seedlings were placed in four identical glassed glassed growths. They were then divided into three groups. One group was treated by Mr. E, the second group received no treatment at all and the third received heat treatments that kept the size at the same temperature as the plants treated by Mr. E. All were kept, fed and watered the same way and all received the same amount of lighting by its incandescent. Most of the first and control groups showed stunted growth at the same rates while those treated by Mr. E (who placed his hands over their small green developed roots) showed a significantly slower rate.

In a later experiment, once were established and mounted by receiving electrical stimulation of the roots from their bases. The received data was immediately weighed and the area of the roots was measured. The results showed that the transparent plastic over it and treating it with a green pencil. These conditions were then transferred to paper, and the results showed that the more sensitive to 365 nm. Measurements were made again at the end of the first, second, and fourth days after treatment. Statistical analysis of the weights of the paper percentages of the weights revealed that the weights of the plants treated by Mr. E were heavier at a rate "significantly" faster. The experiment was repeated with the same results.

Since conditions were not fully double blind in these plant studies, Dr. Gaud set up a plant study project with other researchers, Dr. Ross J. Caldwell and Dr. G. J. Paul, both of the University of Montreal. A double-blind scientific experiment was set up to see whether the earlier results

would stand up when far more mice (three hundred) were treated under the identical double-blind conditions. Unlabeled conditions were divided into the G group, none treated by Mr. E was called the E group and those treated by medical students. The E group, cages containing the mice were placed inside opaque paper bags. In half of each group the bags were left inside the cages, in the other half, they were left open. At the opening term, Mr. E and the students placed their hands inside the bags and held it to the mice. After the mice were released, they simply placed their hands on top of the paper bags.

Again, statistical analysis showed that the animals treated by Mr. E to be healing faster than those of the other two groups in the open-bag condition. In addition, the mice treated by the spiritual medical students healed more slowly than the mice that received no healing-of-death treatment at all. The statistically significant effect could be observed in the bleeding serum—over in those treated by Mr. E. Did the level of statistical significance show a lower level of error than as the other two closed-bag groups.

Having observed Mr. E's efforts with mice recently, Dr. Gaud wondered "how widely in the biological realm this effect could be observed" and is toward to the plants, and the mice. In order to "create a state of need" in the plants, Dr. Gaud proposed watering the plants with saline solution. "We wanted to make things as tough as we could for them without actually killing them," he explains. Because Mr. E's task to heal not to touch the plants at the saline solution, but to "develop" and "adversely affect the plants in the first experiment, he held the solution in his open hands between his hands for fifteen minutes. The results that were treated with this "braked" solution produced a significantly greater yield of plants than did those watered with distilled water. The results showed that all other variables, including light, heat, and conditions and subsequent watering were kept constant.

A second experiment, Dr. Gaud says, "differed in every way with the one just mentioned, except that the treatment of the saline was omitted, or no significant differences between the two groups, providing evidence that the treatment of a difference of the saline solution was the key factor in the experiment." A series of similar double-blind experiments followed in which the saline solution treated by Mr. E was contained in sealed bottles. Again, however, the stimulating effect of the saline solution was apparent at statistically significant levels.

Discussing the results he obtained, Dr. Gaud observes that Mr. E's power is not as strong as that of a healer. He stated his own state it was to penetrate grass. The fact that his effectiveness seemed to be attenuated somewhat after repeated experiments, more experiments, Dr. Gaud believes, is a

tributable not to the horror the bugs generated but to the state of agitation they produced in the mice. Preliminary experiments had suggested that the bugs might be troublesome, for it is known that nervous and agitated mice are less responsive in the laying on of hands. The lack of air inside the sealed bags continuously panicked the mice, causing them to bite frantically at the bags.

In the continuation to a paper published in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Dr. Grind stated that the results of his experiments on the nature of the force that is produced by the telepathic effort described on the foregoing pages are as follows: "The organisms whereby it acts, the power of the force, and the rate of its growth have demonstrated that the so-called laying on of hands, at least when done by certain individuals, has obtained it was done on animals and on some potted evergreen plants, each hardly explained as being due to the power of the force, but rather to the influence of the commander with individuals other than Dr. E. also yielded significant results. The force was not produced on all other others in the opposite direction. In use of these experiments, Dr. Grind found that a mechanically normal individual, when he laid his hands on a normal individual, produced no accumulating effect on the plants that did individuals hospitalized for depression and psychosis." Therefore, "Dr.

contrasting this phenomenon is by persons confined to a single or very few individuals.

"Moreover, the fact that this phenomenon may be observed in animals as high as the evolutionary scale as mice and in organisms as low as the amoeba hardly needs points to the fundamental nature of whatever it is that is producing the effect." Subsequent experiments "conducted in our laboratory," he adds, "have yielded statistically significant results with still more primitive organisms [yeast cells]. . . . The phenomenon as revealed by these experiments throws new light on the basic unity of life, animals and plants, and in fact would appear worthy of further study."

In conversation with me, Dr. Grad says, "If these experiments have made any contribution at all it is to make it clear that the claim that the results of healers are owing only to suggestion is not true." Which is not, he stresses, to sell "suggestion" short. "Too many people use the word suggestion without really trying to understand the phenomena involved in suggestion. It comes apparent that to the extent that suggestion is effective it is itself an energy of some sort."

Of what nature he cannot say, but he believes experiments should be done, first of all, to try to find out if these heating energies fall within the electromagnetic spectrum. Shielding devices could be used to block such energy, but

as Dr. Grad notes, such experiments require sophisticated instrumentation, time and money. And most researchers

are not willing to let "stray" very far from the straight and narrow of orthodox science. "This is changing, however," Dr. Grad believes. "Younger scientists seem to have far fewer hangups about these things." He is particularly encouraged by the growing interest in magnetic fields and their possible therapeutic uses.

Perhaps the most potent argument cited by his peers to justify their reluctance to investigate unorthodox healers, Dr. Giedd used was the "social problem" most healers ran and sometimes do create. "Anyone can claim to have these special powers," he emphasized, "and unless individuals possess a healing mind and a healing heart, they, because of sadness and pain, are tragically vulnerable. 'I think,' he says, "that a great deal of emotion and skepticism *has* to be applied to anybody who makes such claims." But the potential impact of a healing energy is so great, he concludes, that some risks must be run in pursuit of its elusive power. "I think," he says, "that the point is not, the very experiments that she and Mr. Giedd have risked now."

an objective, relatively simple means of separating the sincere bankers from those who are either unwisely deluding themselves or knowingly deluding others. The acid test for bankers may soon be called the *enron* test. ■

A detailed collage of various objects. In the center is a bottle of Old Fitzgerald whiskey with a label that reads 'OLD FITZGERALD' and 'Prime House'. To its right is a glass filled with whiskey and ice. Below the glass are several small paint pots in silver containers, containing red, yellow, green, and blue paint. To the left of the bottle is a stack of film strips and a black container labeled 'MICRO'. In the background, there are several white masks or faces with black eye sockets. A red pencil and a brush are also visible in the lower right corner.

**Not
for
sale**

(in any market, that is).

Some things you can't buy for love or money in any store. Like prime flat nitrogen from Pleeber Brothers. Our flat's simply can't be bought anywhere but directly from us. Every Pleeber Brothers flat is carefully chosen, skillfully cut, and perfectly aged to perfection. Six 4-oz. tender 1 1/4-inch thick flats—\$21.95. Buy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with a personalized card. They're guaranteed a perfect delivery, and you are guaranteed satisfaction. Or your money back.

pfaelzer brothers
401 W. Chicago Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 606

References

References

On

3.44 g/liter

—I—

pfaelzer brothers

Dept 44-03, 4500 W. District Blvd., Chicago, IL 60632

Whispered Reverend

☐ **Size 4-6 ea. Shells, 3 1/2"**
 Thick, with tube of
 shell clearly pronounced
 Sides. Delivery Shells
 Subur. 2 Shells—\$14.00

☐ Send me paper free
valuing all over 100
local gift items.

The full taste of the grape

Maier's Ohio State Wines are the product of something unique—the native American grape. So the truly taste-entire Maier's highly famous Maier's select a bottle of Maier's red wine of difference native American grapes make.

MAIER'S

The Great Wines of Ohio Maier's Wine Cellars, Solon, Ohio 43226



B-o-u-n! What a fantastic desk decoration!

**C.1800
BRITISH
12-POUNDER
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CANNON**

PERFECT
REPLICA
SHOTS
CAPS!



ONLY \$1095 plus \$5 shipping/handling

SPECIAL! Finished only \$145 plus \$1.00 shipping/handling

Wynfield House

480 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me my valuable scale model of the British 12-pounder Campaign Cannon, about 1800, in the quantity indicated:

☐ 1 new cannon \$1045 plus \$1.00 shipping/handling

☐ 2 new cannons \$1045 plus \$1.00 shipping/handling

☐ 1 finished only \$145 plus \$1.00 shipping/handling

I enclose my check or money order payable to Wynfield House.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please charge to my

☐ American Express ☐ Discover Card

☐ Bank Americard ☐ MasterCard

☐ American ☐ Discover

☐ Express ☐ Signature

☐ Signature _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Circle and read this coupon today!

Wynfield House, 480 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me my valuable scale model of an
authentic Spanish guillotine for only \$10.95 or
plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling.
I enclose my check or money order payable to
Wynfield House.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

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☐ American ☐ Discover

☐ Express ☐ Signature

☐ Signature _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Get this.

Beautiful scale replica of an authentic Spanish guillotine—accurately copied to the finest detail. Put it in your den or office. A fascinating conversation piece!



■ Hand-crafted dark-stained wood construction ■ Authentic brass scale ■ Turned steel blade ■ Genuine woven ribbon ■ Blade is full 120 inches high
Yours for only

\$1195

(plus postage and handling)

Charge it—on your American Express, BankAmericard, Discover, or MasterCard!

If you prefer to send cash, please check or money order payable to Wynfield House.

A DEMONSTRATION OF QUADRIPHONIC SOUND

Put your left index finger gently in your left ear. You're listening to monaural sound. You cannot distinguish the direction of any individual sound source. They're all mixed together. This is the kind of sound an ordinary radio gives you.

Now cup both your hands behind your ears, palms facing forward.

You're listening to stereo. You are able to distinguish the direction of any individual sound source in front of you. This is the way you listen to your stereo system. Like a spectator at a concert.

Now take your hands away from your ears. Sounds are coming at you from all around you. You are able to distinguish the direction of any individual sound source. You're listening to the equivalent of quadraphonic sound. This is the way you hear in real life. Quadraphonic is natural sound. If you decide to go with a quadraphonic sound system in your home, this Harman/Kardon 900+ multichannel receiver is as far as you can go.

It's the world's most advanced four-channel receiver. It has every kind of four-channel circuitry built in. Apart from 4 speakers and a turntable, there is nothing to add. No accessories to buy.

Quering the 900+ doesn't mean you have to discard your stereo albums. It will actually play them better than ever with a unique "Enhanced Stereo" feature.

But most importantly, the 900+ carries Harman/Kardon's traditional wideband circuitry. It reproduces not only the frequencies you can hear but also those you cannot.

This is terribly important. Because the frequencies you cannot hear have a marked effect on those you can.

This wideband philosophy gives Harman/Kardon receivers their stunning realism.

For an even better demonstration of quadraphonic sound, listen to the Harman/Kardon 900+ at your nearest franchised dealer.

harman/kardon



90 Series Control Receiver N.Y. 10022 U.S.A. 2000 300 1000 1000

Tennis originals.

The original mixed doubles tourney.

This event began in Philadelphia in 1819. Recognizing male entrants was difficult, until they feared that games often ended in "love" matches. Imagine their chagrin when they found that "love" came from the French, "love" meaning "egg." The volleys was on the run. And the scoring confined to the ranches.



The original tennis ball.

In origin is a bit fuzzy. Originally, the "Sword of Kings" was a heavy game. In fact, the ball itself, was made of actual human hair, wrapped in leather. As a result, an overheard smash was nearly a hair-raising stroke. And tempers flared when close calls were decided by only a whisker.



The original light scotch.

The origin of the tennis ball may be a bit fuzzy. But not the origin of Usher's, the original light scotch. It was first blended by Andrew Usher in 1853. Soberly, it was awarded for that 1853 tourney. Usher's! From mixed doubles to mixed drinks. The choice of champions, since 1853.



Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.
Product of Scotland

C480 EQUUS FEBRUARY

LOOK!



**NEW
7x35**
yours for only
\$1295

(plus postage and handling)

FIELD GLASS

A most practical instrument for land, air or on the air. Long range sightings—ideal for sporting events, camping trips or other getting.

- Coated lens for sharpness
- Hard plastic body for durability
- Includes carrying case with strap and protective lens covers

Charge it... on your American Express, Glass's Club, Master Charge or BankAmericard. If you prefer to send cash, make check or money order payable to "Weyfield House". We will mail this coupon today!

ACT NOW!



Please send me my 7x35 Field Glass for only \$1295 plus \$10.00 for postage and handling. Enclose the check or money order for \$1395 payable to "Weyfield House".

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone charge to my:
☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Glass's Club
Expires _____
Accepted by _____
Signature _____ PT 02 8115



Name three films
on **China**
produced in the U.S.
in the 1970s



■ The chances are you can't unless you are a teacher or librarian. Perhaps not even then.

□ The films do exist * Their names are not nearly as important as the fact that they are only one aspect of the exciting things happening in our schools and libraries. Find out about them. Help them to happen. Your schools and libraries need your involvement... to learn from you... and you from them.

□ Fair enough? Do it.

*The Coronet 16mm films on China were produced with the permission of the Chinese government and show that nation in its best light. But even this biased reportage provides food for discussion among students.

CORONET
INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS

85 E. SOUTH WATER STREET • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

EQUUS FEBRUARY 1981

Announcing ESQUIRE'S 2nd ANNUAL CORPORATE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY ADVERTISING AWARDS



The concept that a corporation has a responsibility to society that goes beyond sales and earnings is relatively new. However, the proponents of this contemporary view of corporate enlightenment are growing in number as the business community faces up to the realization that a healthy society is a prerequisite for a prosperous economy.

The picture was not quite so sharp that time last year when Esquire, in conjunction with the Department of Journalism of the University of Michigan, announced the establishment of an annual series of Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards. We pointed out that business was being singled out, rightly or wrongly, as a major offender in creating many of the critical problems that afflict society. But we couldn't help thinking that the attack was too one-sided. Though many firms showed too great a concentration on a favorable profit and loss statement and too little concern for the climate physical and social as well as cultural, in which they operate, the entire philosophy of American business was undergoing a basic rethinking and change, with increased awareness of the common welfare on which business, too, is dependent.

While this was a speculation rather than a scientific observation, we were convinced that this was indeed the trend. In all honesty, we must confess there were some qualms and doubts about the reaction of the business community to our announcement. We felt that if we were to attract 198 corporate entries, we would have been doing very well for a first outing.

A. Advertising which best communicates the story of what business in general or an industry or a company is doing to improve society or to make life more comfortable.

We were delighted, therefore, when the judges advised us, after the closing date, that over 130 entries had been received from companies large and small. True, most of the entries and most of the winners were large—very large—but in any case, those with the greatest strength will stand up first. But there were enough smaller companies among the winners to demonstrate that a concern for the public well is not the sole province of the giants.

One of the striking aspects of the winning entries, so far as I am aware, was the focus of many of them on the individual. Some were as personal in advice on how to dispose of your body after death (United States Fidelity, San Francisco Federal directors), while Seagrams tried to save lives and limbs by its attack on drinking and driving. Others, like

Westinghouse Broadcasting, pinpointed special community problems and then helped solve them. IBM showed how computer technology solves social, economic and personal problems, while Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corp. was cited for its award program encouraging the design of buildings and mechanical systems that conserve energy.

The other winners were equally prestigious and imaginative—Abraham S. Sheres, N.Y. department store, American Motors Corp., Atlantic Richfield Co., A T & T, Chevrolet Bank, Dow Chemical Company, Eastman Kodak Co., Ford Motor Co., General Motors Corp., Hawaiian Electric Co., Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Mobil Oil Corp., National General Bank of Boston, Northern States Power Company, and Xerox Corp. In case you missed the winning entries in our November 1973 issue, write to us for a reprint.

One of our announced purposes in establishing these awards was to encourage other companies to join those in the vanguard of socially responsible activities. More than that, we urge them to enter the second annual awards program, which is now open. This year, as before, the awards will be administered by the Department of Journalism at the University of Michigan, and Paul Peter Claude will chair the panel of judges.

As in 1973, awards will be presented for outstanding print or broadcast advertising that has contributed most to the betterment of our lives and our environment in last year's contest.

B. Advertising which best communicates the story of what business in general or an industry or a company is doing to improve society or to make life more comfortable, meaningful, and safe for the general public. This includes anti-pollution programs, social action initiatives, training, research and development programs designed for the benefit of the public, etc.

C. Public service advertising that helps the consumer to improve his own quality of life. This includes advertising which tells the reader how to take preventive steps to avoid diseases, how to avoid accidents in the home or on the road, how to make better use of increased leisure time or retirement, and in general how to live a better life.

D. Product advertising which best presents the benefits to the consumer of products with desirable values. These include non-polluting features, nutrition, safety, education, etc.

E. Advertising of services which

offer the consumer greater protection. Among these are readily understandable warranties backed up by service, reduction of electrical hazards, insurance policies which clearly define their benefits and limitations, etc.

Qualifications

1. To be considered for an award, the company must have actively participated in at least one of the areas enumerated above. The examples given for each category are intended as guidelines and are by no means restrictive. Advertising of any activity that fits at least one of the above categories would be considered for an award.

2. The competition is open to all business firms of any size, as well as trade associations.

3. The size of the advertising appropriation will not be a factor in determining award winners.

4. Awards will be presented to advertising agencies and their clients.

Rules and Regulations

1. To be eligible, an advertisement or broadcast media spot must have run any time from June 1, 1973 through May 31, 1974.

2. All submissions must be received by the judges no later than June 15, 1974. Advertisements may be submitted in proof form, radio script, story board, film or tape.

3. Claims made in all entries will be investigated by the panel of judges.

4. Entries shall be submitted to Chairman, Department of Journalism, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

5. Award winners will be named in the fall of 1974 and will be featured in the October 1974 issue of Esquire Magazine.

6. A total of 20 winners will be named in this second annual Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards competition.

7. Preservation will be made in October, 1974.

The Judges:

PETER CLARKE, Chairman, Department of Journalism
JOHN D. STEVENS, Associate Professor of Journalism
CHAUNCEY R. KORTEN, Professor of Art
ARTHUR H. SIGOT, Associate Director of Television Broadcast Service, University of Michigan
WILLIAM F. PORTER, Professor of Journalism

The Soft Smoke

Now smoke the result
 (reported elsewhere as mellow
 instant tea-bag stuff)



Delicious
smoking mummies from Denmark

here, Miss Maudslayi, was being com-
mended to James Hood "While con-
sidering his career as an aviator, and
he has managed to write three books
and a number of articles on the subject."
I want now to say: This reminded me
of Philip Barlow, just the way Corde
Duchresne had been reminded of me by
the same book. I had written to Mr.
Mykhrick, the book I'm supposed to be
looking for, so I really entertained, and
studied through all the papers, re-
sulting in the destruction of the book
itself by the same papers. I had just
signed—*The Sea Industry, Adventure*
in *Lowland*, and *Geology of Louisiana*.
I was sure that the least bit of in-
terest in it would be enough to make
me utterly lose without being at least
somewhat heavy, this seems to me about
the same—*and finally I found it*.
I had been looking for it for a long
time, at last, Mr. Mykhrick.

And it is a novel about WYL Shadenspire and his younger brother Edmund, called Nod. Five hundred and sixty-one pages about them, which I read. The prime motivation of the book is that young Nod makes a lot of mistakes trying to be as successful as WYL, and even when he does have some success his feelings are easily hurt and he worries that the success is due to the influence of his older brother.

The narrative is full of courage and guts—back and forth between London and New York, with the author's characters that seem determined not by plot and character, but by the necessity to cope. There is all that's known about African American life in the 1950s, and the author's characters are worse in London, about the age and class of the Gipsy Theatre, and like that. Instead of creating a novel world, the author is too busy with the facts. "Additional" characterizations and event always seem sort of cleverly suggested rather than freely imagined. Any creativity is limited to the use of a few words of badinage and facts. And even then the author's attention is as limited by what's logical and inelegant to assume about the people and events. The author's lack of an expansion of his knowledge of them, that you have to guess what's new and unusual in terms of it, is regrettably rather obvious.

Certainly Yes, My Brother is no less scholarly, plausible, sensitive, and in general these most interesting assets. But of course don't waste your time reading it. Next month, as the course of speculating about the National Book Award for Fiction in 1979, I'll tell you what you might have been reading. In fact, don't bother to read anything I've mentioned in this column. Do as I always say, I keep telling you, not as I *ought* to. ☺

Engaged RECOMMENDED
Fast Unto Freedom, by Hal Bennett
 Doubleday
The Easter House, by David Rhodes
 Harper & Row
Schools of Surgery, by Richard Selzer
 Harper's Magazine Press
American River 19 Bantam

(Continued from page 42) or a rubber forest as appropriate and a tree-felled treeless area rapidly blotted by the millions of disturbed children. The idea of additional laws for more thought is worth trying, for it may possibly reduce the number of people who are forced to live in the forest and contribute toward the improvement of forest life.

LEADERSHIP IMPULSE If a politician has any purpose at all, it is to encourage individuals to learn more about people, and the place where, perhaps the greatest miseducation exists today is non-urban America. The last thing that would encourage growth would be forced separation.

DEBORA M. KENRALL (Chelmsford and David Narrative Officers, Farnham) *Fear imply that separating a father from his children and a husband from his wife for a year will automatically strengthen family ties. Who made this study and reached this unsupported conclusion?*

MR. HAMPTON: I find the authors of separating my spouse from spouse and the idea from parent for an entire year frightening because of the lasting impact it would have on family life. What we need, in my view, are ways of strengthening, rather than fragmenting, families in our society.

DE PROTHÈSE. *Prolonged separation or absence, as proposed, would not make hearts give fluid, more probably, they'd go harder, at would many others.*

But, they're already going popper. The divorce rate in some upper-middle-class suburbs in California has risen to about twenty-five percent. That's something seriously wrong with marriage and the family in this country today, and the pressure for enhanced togetherness may probably be a big part of the trouble. A year's separation might well head off divorce and save the family as well as strengthen the individuals who make it up.

MR. GARDNER: The purpose is to include your agency by establishing a separate federal agency which will report and advise us, in which we will support only the creation of one more bureaucratic bureaucracy like all those which have previously failed to meet us.

JAN PEDER: *For those who take it seriously, I suppose a principal objection will be the selling up of a new federal bureaucracy to administer the program. To most of the "invisible chain" which Mr. Lamm himself speaks to, finding us at least one federal agency, what is to be gained by spawning yet another federal agency at Peggy Radner's?*

Steps now concerning the financing of the subverted areas less than doubt that the money was available than from the probable reluctance of business and the Congress to cough up. Most of the correspondents are not economists, but some felt they knew all the more what the economic effects of the program would be.

JOE LINCOLN: I think I could argue that there need not be any extra costs and could actually even be savings. I say this because a trained employee is a much more productive employee. Not only will he work with much more enthusiasm, and therefore accomplish more, but, by his absence and return, the employee will recuperate some of the unnecessary mistakes he has been performing in the past and thereby reflect his approach to doing the job.

INTEGRATION IMPOSSIBLE. This approach "the school spread will be two thirds of an employed person's average salary during the working year" would undoubtedly deprive these individuals who would probably benefit most from the basic concept, i.e., those who work in low-paying jobs and who cannot afford to take prolonged leave without pay. Indeed, I would expect that a stipend be established for all participants in this scheme which would establish a minimum amount that all would equally receive.

REPRESENTATIVE DINGEMAN: Considering the need of Congress, and the present Administration, it would be impossible to allocate funds for the project. As you said, the costs could be considerable to implement such a request.

CHAS. GAYNE: I do not think for a moment that the executive branch or Congress will use an adequate reflection on defense spending to make available even a portion of the money needed, not with this Administration. Therefore, the two Congresses Philip has written me excellent book on the subject and I am glad you quote from him. Nevertheless, this Administration seems not to be involved in protecting those who benefit from his proposals in order to have a dependable source of income for campaigning purposes.

W. KENDALL. I question the validity of using the value program on a paid fee by simply placing the telephone in the room on rotation. What exactly is a "telephone" and what basis does it have determined that by using them you can realize as much as \$100,000,000,000 annually? How much of that has been ever awarded again by anyone after much careful consideration, and I firmly believe you must take their money into account before blindly saying "I'll throw out all of them and buy ourselves new work with the proceeds."

SALES JUNK. The proposal is so delightful and effective, and carries such potential for maximizing the wealth of America, that I really have to tell you that America is simply won't buy it. I don't say it is in order to find that business community simply don't think they could afford it. It could place intolerable strains on the very mid business and would of the least raise the below expenses of larger businesses by various product (assuming a paid subletted and very soon gone). The only way to keep these costs would be through higher

SPIN I started working at an approach which the system could be relatively easily. The modified toy hypothesis cannot be

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POLYMER LETTERS

CUBA ON OUR MIND

(Continued from page A3) builders and contractors, cigar makers, bar and restaurant owners, publishers and owners of every conceivable business from gas stations to real-estate offices. Thousands upon thousands of Cubans are in the service sector as taxi cabsmen, waiters, bar workers, food handlers, hair dressers and other services. Because Cubans are generally well educated and willing to work at anything (on the beginning thousands of them gladly accepted substandard wages), they have to be an important export manpower Florida banks from their jobs. Curiously, however, I could find no mention towards them the Cu-

At the 1958 United Fruit Fair in Miami it was said that the Cubans moved into something of a vacuum when they began avoiding Miami late in 1959. Prior to their appearance on the scene, Miami tended to be a bastion for a rather medieval group of immigrants from the poorer people from the North, and a winter resort. Aside from Alaska, much of the city's population was, in a term well used, "white bread" from neighboring Georgia who did not like the deep-delta, vitreous, and the "black" people. The Cubans, however, came from the Cubans, hungry for work, confident, imaginative and, in a great many cases, equipped with considerable skills and experience in a variety of jobs. They did, and, they did not, like the white man. Their presence has created some 100,000 new jobs in the area.

Leg service is paid, of course, in the all-Cuban cases and that, incidentally, is the reason. The *El Financiero* has the story of the Cuban "Where's Baby Cakes", which was written by an exiled Cuban. It is a colorful, modern and, in places, a little over-the-top story and it is played over and over by Cuban disc jockeys and in thousands of Cuban homes. It is such a close-knit community and helps them to maintain their identity, socially and culturally. The men are ex-servicemen, some of them were in the United States during long-term stints, transiently during the years of the Cuban middle-class (jackets), which are now re-manufactured in Florida or imported from Yucatan, in Mexico. The family structure is unusual. Family ties and old friendships are kept alive. Everybody seems to belong to a Cuban middle class. People don't

But it is entirely wrong to believe, as some students do, that Moscow Cubans really expect, plan or hope to return to Cuba if and when Castro falls. From reasonable conversations I had in Moscow, I am convinced that the vast majority of Cubans would stay just where they are—no matter what happens in Havana. They never had it so good.

There is a multiplicity of reasons for this wholly pragmatic attitude. The first and overwhelming reason is that there simply is no room for them in Cuba—and certainly not to enjoy the lives

standards they now have in the U.S. Between 1960 and 1970, Cuba's population jumped from six to eight million, without counting, of course, the half million or so Cubans who fled the country over the years. The related sound reason is that very few people in Miami are prepared after so many years to give up the comfortable lives they have built in exile for the uncertainties and consequences of returning "back home" even if Fidel is gone.

And this, naturally, makes sense. Whether or not parents of color in a very real sense are "battered" by the system, Cubans are prepared to start life for a third time. A very large number of them are middle-aged, or older, and they have spent their lives in Cuba, where they are the young ones, or were children when their parents ran away from Cuba, or were born in Cuba. Many of them are Cubans in Florida have become American citizens. This includes children who were born in Cuba, and who, after the 1960s, one half of all Miami Cubans will be Americans. And there are tens of thousands of children here in the U.S. who were born in Cuba, but whose culture and belonging to the American culture. These are not likely to become citizens, and they are not likely to be assimilated. The English language sufficiently to meet naturalization requirements.

A normalization in relations between the United States and Cuba is likely to send Miami Cubans returning home in droves. If nothing else, they would find that the United States is no longer at different levels in anti-Castro activities. And very few of the grandparents of the children of the Cuban diaspora are the broad-based of some of the

In any case, the likelihood that relations will be normalized in the foreseeable future is quite remote. Neither Washington nor Havana desires it. The U.S. view, inherited from past administrations and perhaps to persist at least during the Carter administration, is that Cuba will not find any military ties with the Soviet Union and consent, in itself, to ensuring its subsistence in Latin America. He has made it abundantly clear that he does not propose to do either. As far as Miami Cubans are concerned, however, the question is no longer whether but when relations will be restored since they render the present situation intolerable. They are not alone in this.

"If Castro falls or if relations are established, lots of the folks may go back to see their families or spend a vacation," a well-dressed businessman told me. "But I doubt whether more than a tiny percentage would pick up and go to live again in Cuba."

The Annamkumam of Shams Gokani was explosively demonstrated in January when the Dalipnari hotel there Washington Redskins in the Super Bowl

Thousands of them poured out in the streets to celebrate the victory of the home team—in the Citizens the Dolphins are the home team—with shouts, honking of car horns and firecrackers. It was one of the Havana Super Kings had won the baseball World Series in the old days. The Americans in Miami were much more restrained over the Dolphins' proclivities.

[illegible]

Wicki I could report that the late Martin Luther King Jr. spent time in the tropical paradise, located about 100 miles from Cuba, during his last, between the U.S. and Cuba, Christmas visits, however, cannot be confirmed. Wicki said that King's relatives were kept alive after the bizarre reforms of the Cuban government, and that he was a close friend of the late King's. Wicki also said that King was not only a close friend of the late King's, but also a close friend of the late King's. Wicki also said that King was not only a close friend of the late King's, but also a close friend of the late King's.

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Coming Up in March Esquire

If you are in your twenties or thirties, married, single, or simply living with somebody, you may regard kids as:

- a pain in the neck
- a threat to your freedom
- an economic burden you can live without
- a convenient to-perma-nance you're not ready to make.

On the other hand, though, you may regard having children as your only shot at immortality, and besides, for as long as you can remember people have been telling you to marry and reproduce. So the question is:

Are kids worth having?

Next month, Esquire devotes most of its issue to the issue of kids.

- **GARRY HILLS** talks to parents and potential parents, seeking to find out if intelligent Americans are beginning to hate kids.
- Esquire asks and for all adds up all the expenses and tells you what it really costs to raise a kid in the style to which you are accustomed. Hint: It runs into six figures.
- **JAMES SIMON KUNEN** profiles the man who developed a cure for acne, just so his own kids could grow up blemish-free.
- **RICHARD JOSEPH** offers advice on how to travel without kids and **JOSEPH BISNOFF**, a distinguished professor of law, tells how you might drown your kids entirely.
- **DUTTON RADER** reflects on Andy Warhol as a father figure.
- And there are pictures of the Super Kids of America, great reasons why maybe you should have children, as well as great new fiction.

Do Americans suddenly hate kids?

Some answers coming up in Esquire.

Plus Esquire's twenty-four-page Spring-Summer Fashion Spectacular!

the purchase of Nixon's San Clemente estate in California.

Edwards, who was born in Tampa, graduated privately school from the Miami Cuban community, but Edgardo Belleri is a prominent Mexican through whom Balboa has done business with Cubans. Belleri, a recently assassinated U.S. ally, was named by Nixon to serve as an advisory council on opportunities for Spanish-speaking Americans and holds a well-paying job in H.R.W.'s Cuban Refugee Center in Miami. Belleri was one of the witnesses naming Feltner's anticomunism papers. Belleri's close friend and occasional business partner is, in turn, Rafael Artime, who commanded the 44-Gringo Brigade in the 1961 invasion and was involved with Nixon in the shabby 1966 operation.

Artime, now a wealthy real-estate developer and real-estate attorney, has been Nixon's close friend since 1960. Nixon is godfather to one of Artime's children. After the Watergate bunglers, it was Artime who personally handled the discreet disbursement of cash funds to the Miami families of the suppressed Watergate racket.

It was a former Cuban cabinet minister who introduced Robert Vesco, the financier indicted for fraud in connection with Mexico company embezzlements, to the President of Costa Rica. The same man persuaded Vesco to lend \$10,000,000 to two Cuban brothers, owners of a contracting firm, who planned to erect Miami's last office building.


I attended a Miami Food-reining a Flair in June, 1972, just days before Watergate, at the island home of a Cuban millionaire lawyer. It was one of the most spectacular parties I had seen in years. There were birds, dancing, drinks flowing like water, and the host made the standard speech about the desirability to protect Nixon so that Cuba could be "free" again. At the close, under the watchful eye of a deputy sheriff, \$100 bills were stuffed away from the guests' contributions.

A Cuban millionaire with past G.I.A. ties (who spent some time recently in a Guantanamo prison because of his complicated banking operations in that country) is currently using for the recovery of his majority stock in the Republic National Bank of Miami, which once belonged to him, in a \$7,900,000 action. About to become an American citizen, he was planning to start a daily Spanish-language newspaper in Miami which would compete with the well-established *Diario las Americas* owned by two Newyorker brothers, and he told me of his plans over lunch not long ago at Miami's American Club. I looked around, and it looked familiar. The club is the elite version of Nixon's old American Club and it is the business center for old Cuban politicians with little else to do. Americans do not patronize it, but the audience is a bit representative of the Havana establishment on Prado. Patrons still play poker late for drinks, everybody knows everybody else, and there is a great deal of talk-haggling and local conversation against the moon. Only here does one hear talk about going back to Cuba. ■

Happy birthday to Joe.
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Happy birthday dear Joey.
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